McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XII. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 2.

"STALKY." *

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

With Illustrations by L. Raven-Hill.

"How they have taken Kinmont Willie
Against the peace of the border tide,
And they've forgot that the Bauld Buccleuch
Was keeper here on the Scottish side."
—*Kinmont Willie.*

AND then De Vitré said we were beastly funks not to help, and I said there were too many chaps in it to suit us. Besides, there's bound to be a mess somewhere or other with old De Vitré in charge. Wasn't I right?"

"Quite. And, anyhow, it's a silly biznai, bung through. What'll they do with the beastly cows when they've got 'em? You can milk a cow—if she'll stand still. That's all right."

"You're a pig, Beetle."

"No, I ain't; but what's the sense of drivin' a lot of cows up from the Burrows to—to—where is it?"

"They're tryin' to drive 'em to Toowey's barnyard at the top of the hill—the empty one, where we smoked last Tuesday. It's a revenge. Vidley chivied De Vitré twice last week for ridin' his ponies on the Burrows; and De Vitré's goin' to lift as many of old Vidley's cattle as he can and plant 'em up the hill. He'll muck it, though—with Parsons, Orrin, and Howlett helping. They'll only yell, an' shout, an' bunk if they see Vidley."

"*We* might have managed it," said McTurk slowly, turning up his coat-collar against the rain that swept over the Burrows. His hair was of the dark mahogany-red that goes with a certain temperament.

"We should," Corkran replied with equal confidence. "But they've gone into it as if it was a sort of spidger-hunt. I've never done any cattle-liftin', but it seems to me-e-e that one might just as well be stalky about a thing as not."

Smoking vapors of the Atlantic drove low in pearly-gray wreaths above the boys' heads. Out of the mist to windward, beyond the gray loom of the Pebble Ridge, came an unceasing roar of the sea rising and falling in mile-long rollers. To leeward a few stray ponies and cattle, the property of the Northam potwallopers, and the playthings of the boys in their leisure hours, showed through the haze. Beyond—blotted out—lay Appledore and the flats of her Pool, where the Taw and the Torridge join. They halted by the Cattle-gate, which marks the limit of cultivation, where Northam Hill comes down to the Burrows. Beetle, shock-headed and spectacled, drew his nose pensively to and fro along the wet top-bar; McTurk shifted from one foot to the other, watching the water drain into either print; while Corkran whistled through his teeth as he leaned against the sod-bank, peering into the mist.

A grown or sane person might have called the weather vile; but the boys of the College had not yet learned the national interest in climate. It was a little damp, to be sure; but it was always damp in Easter term,

Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved. * Copyright, 1898, by Rudyard Kipling. All rights reserved.

and—this was an article of faith—sea-wet could not give one a cold under any circumstances. Macintoshes were excellent things to go to church in, but crippling if one had to run at short notice across heavy country. So they waited serenely in the downpour, clad as their mothers would not have cared to see.

"I say," said Beetle, wiping his spectacles for the twentieth time, "if we aren't going to help De Vitré, what are we here for?"

"We're goin' to watch, of course. I wish to goodness they'd hurry up."

"It's an awful biznai, driving cattle—in open country," said McTurk, who, as the son of an Irish baronet, knew something of these operations. "They'll have to run half over the Burrows after 'em. S'pose they're ridin' Vidley's ponies?"

"De Vitré's sure to be. He's a dab on a horse. Listen! What a filthy row they're making. They'll be heard for miles."

The thick air filled with whoops and shouts, cries, words of command, the rattle of broken golf-clubs, and a clatter of hoofs. Three cows with their calves came up to the Cattle-gate at an indignant milch-canter, followed by four heifers and some bullocks. A fat and freckled youth of fifteen trotted behind them, riding bare-backed and brandishing a hedge-stake. De Vitré up to a certain point was an inventive youth, with a passion for horse-exercise that the Northam commoners did not encourage. Farmer Vidley had once called him a thief for the small matter of chasing cows across the barrows, and the insult rankled. Hence the raid.

"Come on," he cried over his shoulder. "Open the gate, Corkran, or they'll all cut back again. We've had no end of bother to get 'em. Oh, won't old Vidley be wild!"

The cattle raid.

Three boys on foot ran up, "shooing" the cattle in excited, amateur fashion, till they headed into the narrow, high-banked Devonshire lane that led uphill.

"Come *on*, Corkran. It's no end of a lark," pleaded De Vitré; but Corkran shook his head. The raid had been presented to him after dinner that day as a completed scheme, in which he might, by favor, play a minor part; and Arthur Lane Corkran, No. 104, did not care for lieutenancies.

"You'll be collared," he cried, as he shut the gate. "Parsons

and Orrin are no good in a row. You'll be collared sure as a gun, De Vitré."

"Oh, you're a beastly funk!" The speaker was already hidden by the mist.

"Hang it all," said McTurk. "It's about the first time we've ever had a cattle-lift at the Coll. Let's——"

"Not much. Keep your eye on your Uncle," said Corkran firmly. His word was law in matters like these. Experience had taught them that if they manœuvered without Corkran they fell into trouble.

"You're jealous because you didn't think of it first," said Beetle; and Corkran kicked him three times slowly, neither he nor Beetle changing a muscle the while.

"No, I ain't; but it isn't stalky enough for me."

"Stalky," in the school vocabulary, meant clever, well-considered, and wily, as applied to a plan of action; and stalkiness was the one virtue Corkran toiled after.

"Same thing," said McTurk. "You think you're the only stalky chap in the Coll."

Corkran kicked him as he had kicked Beetle; and, even as Beetle, McTurk took not the faintest notice. By the etiquette of their three-year-old friendship, this was no more than formal notice of dissent from a proposition.

"They haven't thrown out any pickets" (not for nothing did the school prepare boys for Sandhurst). "They ought to do that—even for apples. Toowey's barnyard may be full of people, for all they know."

"'Twasn't last week," said Beetle, "when we smoked in that cartshed place? It's a mile from any house, too."

Up went one of Corkran's light eyebrows. "Oh, Beetle, I *am* so tired o' kickin' you. Does that mean it's empty now? They ought to have sent one fellow ahead to look. They're simply bound to be collared. An' where'll they bunk to if they have to run for it? Parsons has only been here two terms. *He* don't know the lie of the country. Orrin's a fat ass, an' Howlett bunks from a guv'nor" (vernacular for a native of Devon engaged in agricultural pursuits) "as far as he can see one. De Vitré's the only decent chap in the lot, an'—an' I put him up to tryin' Toowey's farmyard."

"They wriggled into the top of an old hollow double-hedge."

"Well, keep your hair on," said Beetle. "What are we going to do? It's rather damp here."

"Let's think a bit." Corkran whistled between his teeth and presently broke into a swift, short double-shuffle. "We'll go straight up an' see what happens to 'em. Cut across the fields; an' lie up in the hedge where the lane comes in by the barn—where we found the dead hedgehog last term. Come on!"

He scrambled over the earth bank and dropped on to the rain-soaked plow. It was a stiff rise to the brow of the hill where Toowey's out-barns stood. The boys took no account of stiles or foot-paths, crossing field after field diagonally, and where they found a hedge, bursting through it like beagles. The lane lay on their right flank, and they heard much lowing and shouting from that direction.

"Well, if he isn't collared," said McTurk, kicking off a few pounds of loam against a gate-post, "he jolly well ought to be."

"We'll be collared, too, if you go with your nose up like that. Duck, you ass, and come along under the hedge! We can get quite close up to the barn," said Corkran. "There's no sense in not doin' a thing stalkily while you're about it."

They wriggled into the top of an old hollow double-hedge less than thirty yards from the big black-timbered barn and the square of out-buildings. Their ten minutes' uphill climb had lifted them a couple of hundred feet above the Burrows. As the mists parted here and there, they could see the great triangle of sodden green, tipped with yellow sand-dunes and fringed with half a mile of white foam, laid out like a blurred map below. The steady thunder of the surge along the Pebble Ridge made the background to the wild noises in the lane.

"What did I tell you?" said Corkran, peering through the dripping stems of quickset which commanded a view of the farmyard. "Three farm chaps—getting out dung—with pitchforks! It's too late to head off De Vitré. We'd be collared if we showed up. Besides, they've heard 'em. They couldn't help hearing. What asses!"

The natives, brandishing their weapons, talked together, using many times the word "Colleger." As the tumult swelled, they disappeared into various pens and byres. The first of the cattle trotted up to the yard-gate, and De Vitré felicitated his band.

"That's all right," he shouted. "Oh, won't old Vidley be wild! Open the gate, Orrin, an' whack 'em through. They're pretty warm."

"So'll you be in a minute," muttered McTurk. The raiders hurried into the yard behind the cattle. They heard a shout of triumph; shrill yells of despair; saw one Devonian guarding the gate with a pitchfork, while the others, alas! captured all four boys.

"Of all the infernal, idiotic, lower-second asses!" said Corkran. "They haven't even taken off their house-caps."

"Aie! Yeou young rascals. We've got 'e! Whutt be doin' to Muster Vidley's bullocks?" a man cried.

"Oh, we found 'em," said De Vitré, who bore himself well in defeat. "Would you like 'em?"

"Found 'un! They bullocks drove like that—all heavin' an' penkin' an' hotted! Oh, 'tes shaamful. Yeou've nigh to killed the cows—lat alone stealin' 'em. They sends pore boys to jail for half o' this."

"That's a lie," said Beetle to McTurk, turning on the wet grass.

"I know; but they always say it. 'Member when they collared us at the Monkey Farm—that Sunday—with the apples in your topper?"

"My Aunt! They're goin' to lock 'em up an' send for Vidley," Corkran whispered, as one of the captors hurried downhill in the direction of Appledore, and the prisoners were led into the barn.

"But they haven't taken their names and numbers," said Stalky, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy more than once.

"But they're bottled all tight O! Rather sickly for De Vitré," said Beetle. "It's one lickin' anyhow, even if Vidley don't hammer him. The Head's pretty wild about gate-liftin', an' poachin', an' all that sort of thing. He won't care for cattle-stealin' much."

"It's awfully bad for cows, too, to run 'em about—in milk," said McTurk, lifting one knee from a sodden primrose tuft. "What's the next move, Corky?"

"Let's get into the old cartshed where we smoked last Tuesday. It's next to the barn. We can cut across while they're inside and get in through the window."

"S'pose we're collared?" said Beetle, cramming his red and black house-cap into his pocket. One does not attack under house-colors.

"That's just it. They'd never dream of any more chaps walkin' bung into the trap. Besides, we can get out through the roof if

they spot us. Keep your eye on your Uncle! Come on."

A swift dash carried them to a huge clump of nettles, beneath the unglazed back-window of the cartshed. Its open front, of course, gave on to the barnyard.

They scrambled through, dropped among the carts, and climbed up into a rudely boarded upper floor that they had discovered a week ago when in search of retirement. It covered half of the building and ended in darkness at the barn-wall. The roof-tiles were broken and displaced. Through the chinks they commanded a clear view of the yard, half filled with disconsolate cattle, steaming sadly in the rain.

"You see," said Corkran, ever careful to secure an open line of retreat, "if they bottle us up here, we'll squeeze out between these rafters, slide down the roof, an' bunk. They couldn't even get out through the window. They'd have to run right round the barn. Now are you satisfied, you burbler?"

"Huh! You only said that to make quite sure yourself," Beetle retorted.

"If the boards weren't all loose, I swear I'd kick you," growled Corkran. "What's the sense of gettin' into a place if you can't get out of it? Shut up and listen."

A confused murmur of voices reached them from the end of the attic. McTurk tiptoed thither with caution.

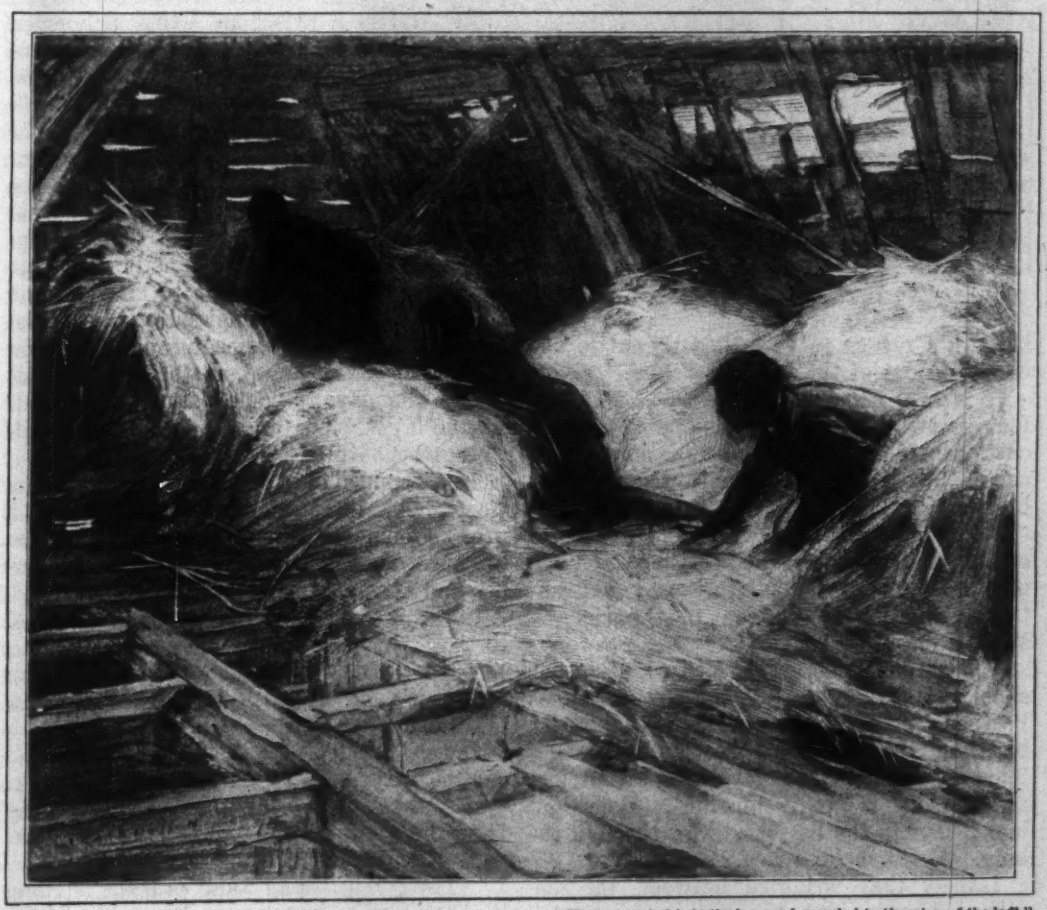
"Hi! It leads through. At least you can get through. Come along!" He fingered the boarded wall.

"What's the other side?" said Corkran the cautious.

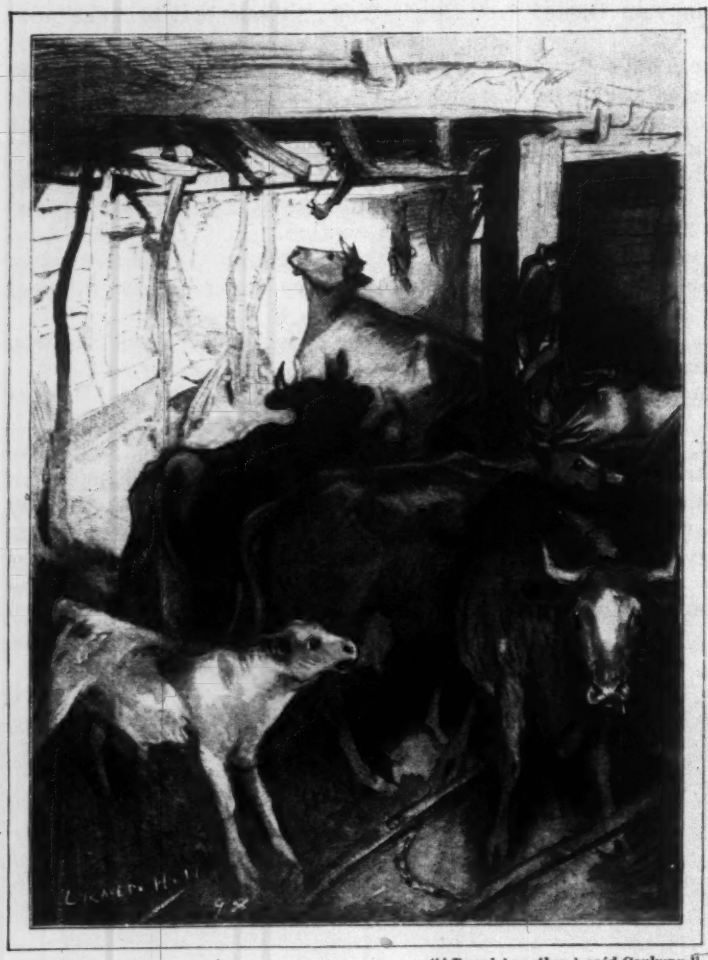
"Hay, you idiot." They heard his boot-heels grating on wood, and he was gone.

At some time or other sheep must have been folded in the cartshed, and an inventive farm-hand, sooner than take the hay round, had displaced a board in the barn-side to thrust fodder through. It was in no sense a lawful path, but twelve inches square is all that any boy needs.

"Look!" said Beetle, as they waited



"They wriggled into the hay and crawled to the edge of the loft."



"'Tweak 'em, then,' said Corkran."

McTurk's return. "The beastly cattle are comin' in out of the wet."

A brown, hairy back showed some three feet below the half-floor, as one by one the cattle shouldered in for shelter among the carts, filling the shed with their sweet breath.

"That blocks our way out, unless we get out by the roof, an' that's rather too much of a drop, unless we have to," said Corkran. "They're all bung in front of the window. What a day we're havin'!"

"Corkran! Beetle!" McTurk's whisper shook with delight. "You can see 'em; I've seen 'em. They're in a blue funk in the barn, an' the two clods are makin' fun of 'em—horrid. Orrin's tryin' to bribe 'em, an' Parsons is nearly blubbin'. Come an' look! I'm in the hayloft. Get through the hole. Don't make a row, Beetle."

Lithely they wriggled between the displaced boards into the hay and crawled to the edge of the loft. Three years of skirmishing against a hard and unsympathetic peasantry had taught them the elements of strategy. For tactics they looked to Corkran; but even Beetle, notoriously absent-minded, held a lock of hay before his head as they crept forward. There was no haste, no betraying giggle, no squeak of excitement. They had learned, by stripes, the unwisdom of these things. But the conference, by a root-cutter on the barn-floor, was deep in its own affairs; De Vitré's party promising, entreating, and cajoling, while the natives laughed.

"Wait till Muster Vidley an' Muster Toowey—yis, an' the policemen come," was the only answer. "'Tis about time to go to milkin'. What'ull us do, Abram?"

"Yeou go milk, Tom, an' I'll stay long o' the young gentlemen," said the bigger of the two captors. "Muster Toowey, he's laike to charge yeou for usin' his yard so free. Iss fai! Yeou'll be wopped proper. Rackon yeou'll be askin' for junkets to set in this week o' Sundays to come. But Muster Vidley, he'll give 'ee the best leatherin' of all. He'm passionful, I tal 'ee."

Tom stumped out to milk. The barn-doors closed behind him, and in the fading light a great gloom fell on all but Abraham, who discoursed eloquently on Mr. Vidley, his temper and attributes.

Corkran turned in the hay and retreated to the attic, followed by his army.

"No good," was his verdict. "I'm afraid it's all up with 'em. We'd better get out."

"Yes, but look at these beastly cows," said McTurk, spitting on to a heifer's back. "It'll take us a week to shove 'em away from the window; and that brute Tom'll hear us. He's just across the yard, milkin'."

"Tweak 'em, then," said Corkran. "Hang it, I'm sorry to have to go, though. If we

could get that other beast out of the barn for a minute we might make a rescue. Well, it's no good."

He drew forth a long, lean, well-worn, home-made catapult—the "tweaker" of those days—slipped a buckshot into the supple chamois leather-pouch, and pulled to the full stretch of the elastic. The others followed his example. They only wished to get the cattle out of their way, but seeing the backs so near they deemed it their duty each to choose his bird and to let fly with all their strength.

They were not in the least prepared for what followed. Three bullocks, smitten as they believed by Io's gadfly, trying to wheel amid six close-pressed companions, not to mention three calves, several carts, and all the lumber of a general utility shed, cannot turn end for end without confusion. It was lucky for the boys that they stood a little back on the floor, because one horned head, tossed in pain, flung up the loose board at the edge, and it came down lance-wise on amazed backs. Another victim floundered bodily across the shafts of a decrepit gig, smashing these and oversetting the wheels. That was more than enough for the nerves of the assembly. With wild bellowings and buttings they dashed into the barnyard, and began a very fine free fight on the midden. The last cow out hooked down an old set of harness, which flapped over one eye and trailed behind her. When a companion trod on it, which happened every few seconds, she naturally fell on her knees; and, being a Burrows cow, with the interests of her calf at heart, attacked the first passer-by. Half awed, but wholly delighted, the boys watched the outburst. It was in full flower before they even dreamed of a second shot. Tom came out from a byre with a pitchfork, to be chased in again by the harness-cow. A bullock floundered on the muck-heap, fell, rose, and bedded himself to the belly, helpless, a-stare, and bellowing. The others took great interest in him.

Corkran, through the roof, scientifically "tweaked" a frisky heifer on the nose, and it is no exaggeration to say that she danced on her hind legs for half a minute.

"Abram! Oh, Abram! They'm bewitched. They'm ragin'. 'Tes the milk-fever. They've been drove mad. Oh, Abram! They'll horn the bullocks! They'll horn *me!* Abram!"

"Bide till I lock the door," quoth Abraham, faithful to his trust. They heard him padlock the barn-door; saw him come out with yet another pitchfork. A bullock lowered his head, Abraham ran to the nearest pig-pen, where unearthly squeakings told that he had disturbed the peace of a large family.

"Beetle," snapped Corkran. "Go in an' get 'em out up here. Quick! We'll keep the cows happy."

A people sitting in darkness and the shadow of a monumental licking, too depressed to be angry with De Vitré, heard a voice from on high saying, "Come up here! Come on! Come up! There's a way out."

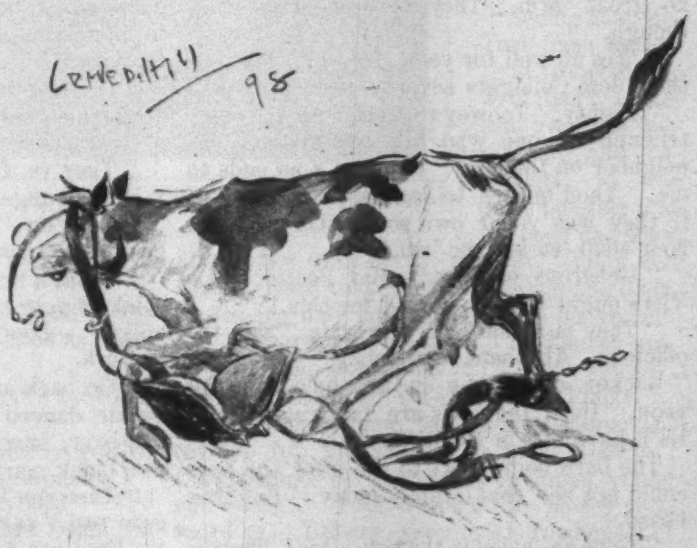
They shinned up the loft-stanchions without a word; found a boot-heel which they were bidden to take for guide, and squeezed desperately through a hole in darkness, to be hauled out by Corkran.

"Have you got your caps? Did you give 'em your names and numbers?" said he.

"Yes. No."

"That's all right. Drop down here. Don't stop to jaw. Over the cart—through that window, and bunk! Get *out!*"

De Vitré needed no second word. They heard him squeak as he dropped among the nettles, and through the roof-chinks they



"The last cow hooked down an old set of harness, which flapped over one eye and trailed behind her."

watched four slight figures disappear into the rain. Tom and Abraham, from byre and pig-pen, exhorted the cattle to keep quiet.

"By gum!" said Beetle; "that *was* stalky. How did you think of it?"

"You ass! It was the only thing to do. Anybody could have seen that."

"Hadn't we better bunk, too?" said McTurk uneasily.

"Why? We're all right. *We* haven't done anything, have we? I want to hear what old Vidley will say. Stop tweakin', Turkey. Let 'em cool off. Golly! how that heifer danced! I swear I didn't know cows could be so lively. We're only just in time."

"My Hat! Here's Vidley—and Toowey," said Beetle, as two farmers, both with sticks, strode into the yard.

"Gloats! oh, gloats! Fids! oh, fids! Hefty fids and gloats to us!" said Corkran.

These words, in their vocabulary, expressed the supreme of delight. "Gloats" implies more or less of personal triumph, "fids" is felicity in the abstract; and the boys were tasting both that day. Last joy of all, they had the pleasure of Mr. Vidley's acquaintance, albeit he did not love them. Toowey was more of a stranger, his orchards lying overnear the public road.

Tom and Abraham together told a tale of stolen cattle maddened by overdriving, of cows sure to die in calving, and of milk that would never return, that made Mr. Vidley swear for three consecutive minutes in the soft speech of North Devon.

"'Tes tu bad. 'Tes tu bad," said Toowey, consolingly; "let's 'ope they 'aven't took no great 'arm. They be wonderful wild, though."

"'Tes all well for yeou, Toowey, that sells them dom Collegers seventy quart a week."

"Eighty," Toowey replied, with the meek triumph of one who has underbidden his neighbor on tender; "but that's no odds to me. Yeou'm free to leather 'em saame as if they was yeour own sons. On my barn-floor shall 'ee leather 'em."

"Generous old pig," said Beetle; "De Vitré ought to have stayed for this."

"They'm all safe an' to rights," said the officious Abraham, producing the key. "Rackon us'll come in an' hold 'em for yeou. Hey! the cows are fair ragin' still. Us'll have to run for it."

The barn being next to the shed, the boys could not see that stately entry. But they heard.

"Gone an' hided in the hay. Aie! They'm proper afraid."

"Rout un out! Rout un out!" thundered Vidley, rattling a stick impatiently on the root-cutter.

"Oh, my Aunt!" said McTurk, standing on one foot.

"Shut the door. Shut the door, I tal 'ee. Rackon us can find un in the dark. Us don't want un boltin' like rabbitses under our elbows." The big barn-door closed with a clang.

"My Hat!" said Corkran, which was always his oath in time of action. He dropped down and was gone for perhaps ten seconds.

"And that's all right," he said, returning at a gentle pace.

"Hwhatt?" McTurk almost shrieked, for Corkran, in the shed below, waved a large key.

"Stalks! Frabjous stalks! Bottled 'em! all four!" was the reply, and Beetle fell on his bosom. "Yiss. They'm so's to say, like, locked up. If you're goin' to laugh, Beetle, I shall have to kick you."

"But I must!" Beetle was purple with suppressed mirth.

"You won't do it here, then!"

He thrust the already limp Beetle through the cartshed window. It sobered him, for one cannot laugh on a bed of nettles. Then Stalky stepped on his prostrate carcass, and McTurk followed, just as Beetle would have risen; so he was upset, and the nettles painted his cheek with a likeness of hideous eruptions.

"Thought that 'ud cure you," said Corkran, with a sniff.

Beetle rubbed his face desperately with dock-leaves, and said nothing. All desire to laugh had gone from him. They entered the lane.

A clamor broke out from the barn—a compound noise of horse-like kicks, shaking of door-panels, and fivefold yells.

"They've found it out," said Corkran. "How strange!" He sniffed again.

"Let 'em," said Beetle. "No one can hear 'em. Come on up to Coll."

"What a brute you are, Beetle! You only think of your beastly self. Those cows want milkin'. Poor dears! Hear 'em low," said McTurk.

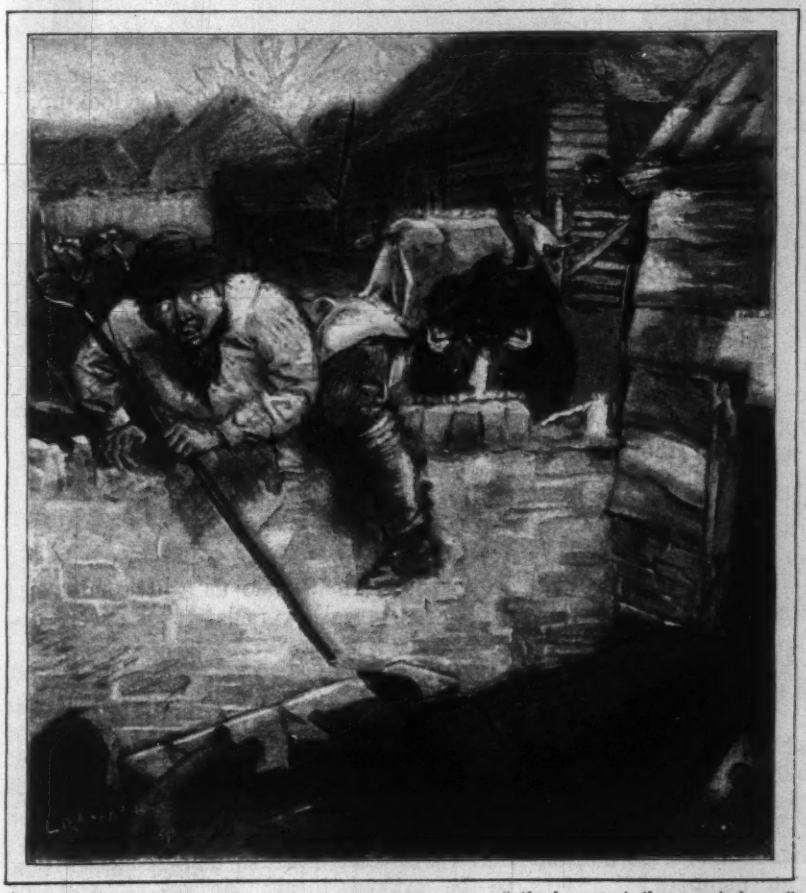
"Go back and milk 'em yourself, then." Beetle danced with pain. "We shall miss call-over, hangin' about like this; an' I've two black marks this week already."

"Then you'll have fatigue-drill on Monday, sure pop," said Stalky. "Come to think of it, I've got two black marks *aussi*. Hm! This is serious. This is hefty serious."

"I told you," said Beetle, with vindictive triumph. "An' we want to go out after that hawk's nest on Monday. We shall be swottin' dumb-bells, though. *All* your fault. If we'd bunked with De Vitré at first——"

Stalky paused between the hedgerows. "Hold on a shake an' don't burble. Do you know, I believe some one's shut up in that barn. I think we ought to go and see."

"Don't be a giddy idiot. Come on back to Coll." But Corkran took no notice of Beetle.



"Abraham ran to the nearest pig-pen."

He retraced his steps to the head of the lane, and, lifting up his voice, cried as in bewilderment,

"Hullo! Who's there? What's that row about? Who are you?"

"Oh, Peter!" said Beetle, and forgot his pain in this new and jestful development.

"Hoi! Hoi! 'Ere! Let us out!" The answers came muffled and hollow from the black bulk of the barn, with renewed thunders on the door.

"Now play up," said Corkran. "Turkey, you keep the cows merry. We've just discovered 'em. We don't know anything, remember. Keep your eye on your Uncle!"

They picked their way over the muck and held speech through the crack by the hinge. Three more genuinely surprised boys the North Devon rain never fell upon. And they were so polite—so polite and so difficult to enlighten. They had to be told again and again.

"We've been 'ere for hours an' hours." That was Toowey. "An' the cows to milk, an' all." That was Vidley. "The door she blewed against us an' jammed herself." That was Abraham.

"Yes, we can see that. It's quite jammed this side," said Stalky. "How careless you farmers are!"

"Open un. Open un. Bash her open with a rock, young gen'elmen. The cows are milk-heated an' raagin'. Haven't yeou boys no sense?"

Seeing that McTurk from time to time tweaked the wretched cattle into renewed bellowings and caperings, it was quite possible that the boys had some knowledge of a sort. But Mr. Vidley was rude. They told him so through the door, professing only now to recognize his voice.

"Humor un if 'ee can: I paid seven-an'-six for the dom padlock," said Toowey. "Niver mind *him*. 'Tes only old Vidley."

"Be yeou gwaine to stay a prisoneer an' captive for the sake of a lock, Toowey? I'm 'shaamed of 'ee. Rout un oppen, young gen'elmen! 'Twas a God's own mercy yeou heard us. Toowey, yeou'm a borned miser."

"It'll be a long job," said Corkran. "Look here. It's near our call-over. If

we stay to help you we'll miss it. We've come miles out of our way already—after you."

"Tell yeour master, then, what keeped 'ee—an arrand o' mercy, laike. I'll tell un tu when I bring the milk to-morrow," said Toowey.

"That's no good," said Corkran; "we may be caned twice over by then. You'll have to give us a letter."

McTurk, backed against the barn-wall, was firing steadily and accurately into the cattle.

"Yiss, yiss; come down to my house. My missus shall write 'ee a beauty, young gen'elmen. She makes the bills. I'll give 'ee such a letter o' recommendation as I'd give to my own son, if only yeou can humor the dom lock!"

"Niver mind the lock," Vidley wailed. "Let me get to my pore dommed cows, 'fore they'm dead."

They went to work with ostentatious rattlings and wrenchings, and a good deal of the by-play that Corkran always loved. At last—the noise of unlocking was covered by some fancy hammering with a young boulder—the door swung open and the captives marched out.

"Hurry up, Mister Toowey," said Corkran, "we ought to be getting back. Will you give us that note, please?"

"Some of yeou Collegers was drivin' my cattle off the Burrowses," said Vidley. "I give 'ee fair warnin', I'll tell yeour masters. I know *yeou!*" He glared at Corkran.

McTurk looked him over from head to heel with a slow stare. "Oh, it's only old Vidley. Drunk again, I suppose. Well, we can't help that. Come on, *Mister* Toowey. We'll go to your house."

"Drunk, am I? I'll drink 'ee! How do I know yeou bain't same lot? Abram, did 'ee take their names an' numbers?"

"What *is* he ravin' about?" said Beetle. "My good fool, can't you see that if we'd taken your beastly cattle we shouldn't be hanging round your beastly barns? 'Pon my Sam, you guv'nors haven't any sense——"

"Let alone gratitude," said Corkran. "I suppose he *was* drunk, Mister Toowey; an' you locked him in the barn to get sober. Shockin'! Oh, shockin'!"

Vidley denied the charge in language that the boys' mothers would have wept to hear.

"Well, go and look after your cows, then," said McTurk. "Don't stand here cursin' us because we've been kind enough to help you out of a scrape. Why on earth weren't your cows milked before? *You're* no farmer. It's long past milkin'. No wonder they're half crazy. Disreputable old bog-trotter, you are. Brush your hair, sir. I beg your pardon, Mister Toowey. Hope we're not keeping you."

They left Vidley dancing on the muck-heap, amid the cows, and devoted themselves to propitiating Mr. Toowey on their way to his house. Exercise had made them hungry, and hunger is the mother of good manners: they won golden opinions from Mrs. Toowey.

. . . . . .

"Three-quarters of an hour late for call-over, and fifteen minutes late for lock-up," said Foxy, the school-sergeant, crisply. He was waiting for them at the head of the corridor. "Report to your house-master, please—an' a nice mess you're in, young gentlemen."

"Quite right, Foxibus. Strict attention to dooty does it," said Corkran. "Now where, if we asked you, would you say that his honor, Mister Prout, might at this moment of time be found prouting?"

"In 'is study—as usual, Mister Cockran. He took call-over."

"Did he? Hurrah! Luck's with us. Don't blub, Foxy. I'm afraid you won't catch us this time."

. . . . . .

"We went up to change, sir, before comin' to you. That made us a little late, sir. We weren't really very late. We were detained—by a——"

"An errand of mercy," said Beetle, and they laid Mrs. Toowey's laboriously written note before him. "We thought you'd prefer a letter, sir. He got himself locked into a barn, and we heard him shouting—Toowey who brings the Coll. milk, sir—and we went to let him out."

"There were ever so many cows waiting to be milked," said McTurk; "and, of course, he couldn't get at them, sir. They said the door had jammed. There's the note, sir."

Mr. Prout read it over thrice. It was perfectly unimpeachable, only it said nothing about a large tea supplied by Mrs. Toowey.

"Well, I don't like you're getting mixed up with farmers and potwallopers. Of course you will not have any more to do with the Tooweys."

"Of course not, sir. It was really on account of the cows, sir," said McTurk, glowing with philanthropy.

"And you came straight back?"

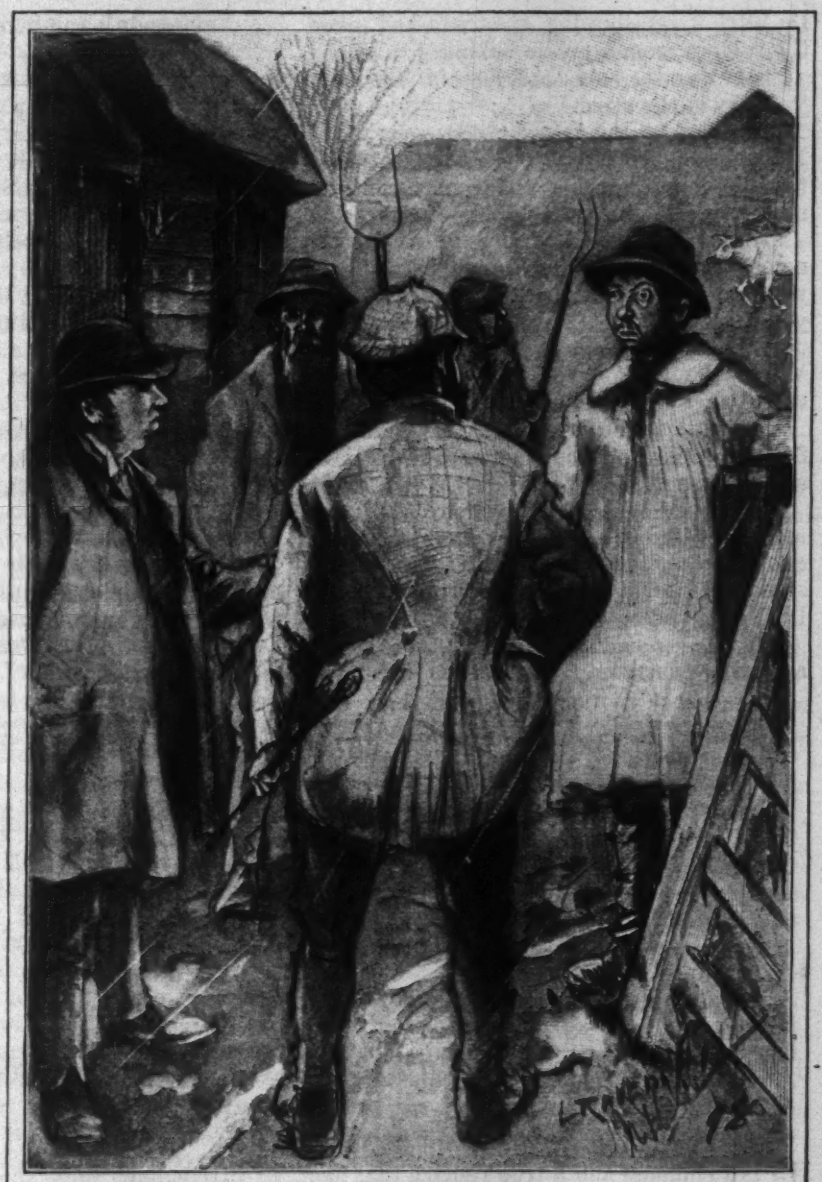
"We ran nearly all the way from the Cat-

tle-gate," said Corkran, carefully developing the unessential. "That's a mile, sir. Of course, we had to get the note from Toowey first."

"But it was because we went to change — we were rather wet, sir — that we were really late. After we'd reported ourselves to the sergeant, sir, and he knew we were in Coll., we didn't like to come to your study all dirty." Sweeter than honey in the comb was the voice of Beetle.

"Very good. Don't let it happen again." Their housemaster learned to know them better in later years.

They entered — not to say swaggered into — a form-room, where De Vitré, Orrin, Parsons, and Howlett, before the fire, were still telling their adventures to admiring associates. They rose as one boy.



"Tom and Abraham together told a tale."

"What happened to *you?* We just saved call-over. Did you stay on? Tell us."

The three smiled pensively. They were not distinguished for telling more than was necessary.

"Oh, we stayed on a bit and then we came away," said McTurk. "That's all."

"You scab! You might tell a chap, anyhow."

"Think so? Well, that's awfully good of you, De Vitré. 'Pon my sainted Sam, that's awfully good of you," said Corkran, shouldering into the center of the warmth and toasting one slippered foot before the blaze. "So you really think we might tell you?"

They stared at the coals and shook with deep, delicious chuckles.

"My Hat! We *were* stalky," said McTurk. "I swear we were about as stalky as they make 'em. Weren't we?"

"It was a frabjous stalk," said Beetle. "Much too good to tell you brutes, though."

The form wriggled under the insult, but made no motion to avenge it. After all, on

De Vitré's own showing, the three had saved the raiders from a public licking.

"It wasn't half bad," said Corkran. "Stalky is the word."

"You were the really stalky one," said McTurk, one contemptuous shoulder turned to a listening world. "By gum! you *were* stalky."

Corkran accepted the compliment and the name together. "Yes," said he; "keep your eye on your Uncle Stalky an' he'll pull you through."

"Well, you needn't gloat so," said De Vitré, viciously; "you look like a stuffed cat."

Corkran, henceforward to be known as Stalky, took not the faintest notice, but smiled dreamily.

"My Hat! Yes. Of course," he murmured. "Your Uncle Stalky—a doocid good name. Your Uncle Stalky is no end of a stalker. He's a great man. I swear he is. De Vitré, you're an ass—a putrid ass."

De Vitré would have denied this but for assenting murmurs from Parsons and Orrin.

"You needn't rub it in, then."

"But I do. I does. You are such a woppin' ass. D'you know it? Think over it a bit at prep. Think it up in bed. Just oblige me by thinkin' of it every half hour till further notice. Gummy! *What* an ass you are! But your Uncle Stalky"—he picked up the form-room poker and drove it thoughtfully against the mantelpiece—"is a great man!"

"Hear, hear!" said Beetle and McTurk, who had fought under that general.

"Isn't your Uncle Stalky a great man, De Vitré? Speak the truth, you fat-headed old impostor."

"Yes," said De Vitré, deserted by his band. "I—I suppose he is."

"Mustn't suppose. Don't guess."

"Well, he is."

"A great man?"

"A great man. *Now* won't you tell us," said De Vitré pleadingly.

"Not by a heap," said Stalky Corkran.

Therefore the tale has stayed untold till to-day.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of stories that Mr. Kipling has written about "Stalky," Beetle, McTurk, and their associates. The second, entitled "An Unsavory Interlude," will appear in the January number.

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

I.

HOW THE MOTIVE OF THE WAR GAVE DIRECTION TO ITS EARLIER MOVEMENTS.

IT is a common and a true remark that final judgment cannot be passed upon events still recent. Not only is time required for the mere process of collecting data, of assorting and testing the numerous statements, always imperfect and often conflicting, which form the material for history, but a certain and not very short interval must be permitted to elapse during which men's brains and feelings may return to normal conditions and permit the various incidents which have exalted or depressed them to be seen in their totality, as well as in their true relative importance. There are thus at least two distinct operations essential to that accuracy of judgment to which alone finality can be attributed: first, the diligent and close study of detail, by which knowledge is completed; and, second, a certain detachment of the mind from the prejudgments and passions engendered by immediate contact, a certain remoteness, corresponding to the idea of physical distance, in virtue of which confusion and distortion of impression disappear and one is enabled, not only to distinguish the decisive outlines of a period, but also to relegate to their true place in the scheme subordinate details which, at the moment of occurrence, had made an exaggerated impression from their very nearness.

It is yet too soon to look for such fullness and justness of treatment in respect to the

late hostilities with Spain, between whom and ourselves, at this moment of writing, formal war still exists, although military operations have been suspended. Mere literal truth of narrative cannot yet be attained, even in the always limited degree to which historical truth is gradually elicited from a mass of partial and often irreconcilable testimony; and literal truth, when presented, needs to be accompanied by a discriminating analysis and estimate of the influence exerted upon the general result by individual occurrences, positive or negative. I say positive or negative; for we are too apt to overlook the vast importance of negative factors, of inaction as compared to action, of things not done in comparison with those that were done, of mistakes of omission as contrasted with those of commission. Too frequently men, spectators or actors, in careers essentially of action, imagine that a safe course is being held because things continue seemingly as they were; whereas, at least in war, failure to dare greatly is often to run the greatest of risks. "Admiral Hotham," wrote Nelson in 1795, "is perfectly satisfied that each month passes without any losses on our side." The result of this purely negative conduct, of this military sin of mere omission, was that Bonaparte's great Italian campaign of 1796 became possible, that the British fleet was forced to quit the Mediterranean, and the map of Europe was changed. It is, of course, a commonplace that things never really remain as they were; that they are always getting better or worse, at least relatively.

But while it is true that men must perforce be content to wait a while for the full and sure accounts, and for the summing up which shall pass a final judgment upon the importance of events and upon the reputations of the actors in them, it is also true that in the drive of life, and for the practical guidance of life, which, like time and tide, waits for no man, a rapid, and therefore rough, but still a working decision must be formed from the new experiences, and inferences must be drawn for our governance in the present and in the near future, whose exigencies attend us. Absolutely correct conclusions, if ever attained in practical life, are reached by a series of approximations; and it will not do to postpone action until exhaustive certainty has been gained. We have tried it at least once in the navy, watching for a finality of results in the experimental progress of European services. What the condition of our own fleet was at the end of those years might be fresh in all our memories, if we had time to remember. Delayed action may be eminently proper at one moment; at another it may mean the loss of opportunity. Nor is the process of rapid decision—essential in the field—wholly unsafe in council, if inference and conclusion are checked by reference to well-settled principles and fortified by knowledge of the experience of ages upon whose broad bases those principles rest. Pottering over mechanical details doubtless has its place, but it tends to foster a hesitancy of action, which wastes time more valuable than the resultant gain.

The preceding remarks indicate sufficiently the scope of these papers. It is not proposed to give a complete story of the operations, for which the material is not yet available. Neither will it be attempted to pronounce decisions absolutely final, for the time is not yet ripe. The effort will be rather to suggest general directions to thought, which may be useful to the reader as he hereafter follows the many narratives, official or personal, that will surely be given to the public; to draw attention to facts and to analogies; to point out experiences, the lessons from which may be profitable in determining the character of the action that must speedily be taken to place the sea power of the republic upon a proper material basis; and, finally, to bring the course of this war into relation with the teachings of previous history—the experiences of the recent past to reinforce or to modify those of the remoter past; for under superficial diversity, due to differences of conditions, there often rests fundamental identity, the recognition of which equips the mind, quickens it and strengthens it, for grappling with the problems of the present and the future. The value of history to us is as a record of human experience; but experiences must be understood.

The character and the direction of the first movements of the United States in this conflict with Spain were determined by the occasion, and by the professed object, of the hostilities. As frequently happens, the latter began before any formal declaration of war had been made; and, as the avowed purpose and cause of our action were not primarily redress for grievances of the United States against Spain, but to enforce the departure of the latter from Cuba, it followed logically that the island became the objective of our military movements, as its deliverance from oppression was the object of the war. Had a more general appreciation of the situation

been adopted, a view embracing the undeniable injury to the United States from the then existing conditions and the generally iniquitous character of Spanish rule in the colonies, and had war for these reasons been declared, the objective of our operations might have been differently chosen for strategic reasons; for our leading object in such case would not have been to help Cuba, but to constrain Spain, and to compel her to such terms as we might demand. It would have been open, for instance, to urge that Porto Rico, being between five and six hundred miles from the eastern end of Cuba and nearly double that distance from the two ports of the island most important to Spain —Havana on the north and Cienfuegos on the south—would be invaluable to the mother country as an intermediate naval station and as a basis of supplies and reinforcements for both her fleet and army; that, if left in her undisturbed possession, it would enable her, practically, to enjoy the same advantage of nearness to the great scene of operations that the United States had in virtue of our geographical situation; and that, therefore, the first objective of the war should be the eastern island, and its reduction the first object. The effect of this would have been to throw Spain back upon her home territory for the support of any operations in Cuba, thus entailing upon her an extremely long line of communications, exposed everywhere throughout its course, but especially to the molestation of small cruisers issuing from the harbors of Porto Rico, which flank the routes and which, upon the supposition, would have passed into our hands. This view of the matter was urged upon the writer, a few days before hostilities began, by a very old and intelligent naval officer who had served in our own navy and in that of the Confederate States. To a European nation the argument must have been quite decisive; for to it, as distant, or more distant, than Spain from Cuba, such an intermediate station would have been an almost insurmountable obstacle while in an enemy's hands, and an equally valuable base if wrested from him. To the United States these considerations were applicable only in part; for, while the inconvenience to Spain would be the same, the gain to us would be but little, as our lines of communication to Cuba neither required the support of Porto Rico, nor were by it particularly endangered.

This estimate of the military importance of Porto Rico should never be lost sight of by us as long as we have any responsibility, direct or indirect, for the safety or independence of Cuba. Porto Rico, considered militarily, is to Cuba, to the future Isthmian canal, and to our Pacific coast, what Malta is, or may be, to Egypt and the beyond; and there is for us the like necessity to hold and strengthen the one, in its entirety and in its immediate surroundings, that there is for Great Britain to hold the other for the security of her position in Egypt, for her use of the Suez Canal, and for the control of the route to India. It would be extremely difficult for a European state to sustain operations in the eastern Mediterranean with a British fleet at Malta. Similarly, it would be very difficult for a trans-Atlantic State to maintain operations in the western Caribbean with a United States fleet based upon Porto Rico and the adjacent islands. The same reasons prompted Bonaparte to seize Malta in his expedition against Egypt and India in 1798. In his masterly eyes, as in those of Nelson, it was essential to the communications between France, Egypt, and India. His scheme failed, not because Malta was less than invaluable, but for want of adequate naval strength, without which no maritime position possesses value.

There were, therefore, in America two possible objectives for the United States, in case of a war against Spain, waged upon grounds at all general in their nature; but to proceed against either was purely a question of relative naval strength. Unless, and until, the United States fleet available for service in the Caribbean Sea was strong enough to control, permanently, the waters which separated the Spanish islands from our territory nearest to them, the admitted vast superiority of this country in potential resources for land warfare was completely neutralized. If the Spanish navy preponderated over ours, it would be evidently impossible for transports carrying troops and supplies to traverse the seas safely; and, unless they could so do, operations of war in the enemy's colonies could neither be begun nor continued. If, again, the two fleets were so equally balanced as to make the question of ultimate preponderance doubtful, it was clearly foolish to land in the islands men whom we might be compelled, by an unlucky sea-fight, to abandon there.

This last condition was that which obtained, as war became imminent. The force of the Spanish navy—on paper, as the expression goes—was so nearly equal to our own, that it was well within the limits of possibility that an unlucky incident, the loss,

for example, of a battle-ship, might make the Spaniard decisively superior in nominal —or even in actual—available force. An excellent authority told the writer that he considered that the loss of the "Maine" had changed the balance; that is, that whereas with the "Maine" our fleet had been slightly superior, so, after her destruction, the advantage—still nominal—was rather the other way. We had, of course, a well-founded confidence in the superior efficiency of our officers and men, and in the probable better condition of our ships and guns; but, where so much is at stake as the result of a war, or even as the unnecessary prolongation of war, with its sufferings and anxieties, the only safe rule is to regard the apparent as the actual, until its reality has been tested. However good their information, nations, like fencers, must try their adversary's force before they take liberties. Reconnoissance must precede decisive action. There was, on the part of the Navy Department, no indisposition to take risks, provided success, if obtained, would give an adequate gain. It was clearly recognized that war cannot be made without running risks; but it was also held, unwaveringly, that no merely possible success justified risk, unless it gave a fair promise of diminishing the enemy's naval force, and so of deciding the control of the sea, upon which the issue of the war depended. This single idea, and concentration of purpose upon it, underlay and dictated every step of the Navy Department from first to last—so far, at least, as the writer knows; and it must be borne in mind by any reader who wishes to pass intelligent judgment upon the action or non-action of the Department in particular instances.

It was this consideration that brought the "Oregon" from the Pacific to the Atlantic; a movement initiated before hostilities opened, though not concluded until after they began. The wisdom of the step was justified not merely, nor chiefly, by the fine part played by that ship on the 3d of July, but by the touch of certainty her presence imparted to the grip of our fleet upon Cervera's squadron during the preceding month, and the consequent power to move the army without fear by sea to Santiago. Few realize the doubts, uncertainties, and difficulties of the sustained watchfulness which attends such operations as the "bottling" of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Sampson; for "bottling" a hostile fleet does not resemble the chance and careless shoving of a cork into a half-used bottle. It is rather like the wiring down of champagne by bonds that cannot be broken and through which nothing can ooze. This it is which constitutes the claim of the American Commander-in-Chief upon the gratitude of his countrymen; for to his skill and tenacity in conducting that operation is primarily due the early ending of the war, the opportunity to remove our stricken soldiery from a sickly climate, the ending of suspense, and the saving of many lives. "The moment Admiral Cervera's fleet was destroyed," truly said the London "Times" (August 16th), "the war was practically at an end, unless Spain had elected to fight on to save the point of honor;" for she could have saved nothing else by continued war. To such successful operation, however, there is needed not only ships individually powerful, but numbers of such ships; and that the numbers of Sampson's fleet were maintained—not drawn off to other, though important, operations—even under such sore temptation as the dash of Cámara's fleet from Cadiz to the Philippines, was due to the Department's ability to hold fast the primary conception of concentration upon a single purpose, even though running thereby such a risk as was feared from Cámara's armored ships reaching Dewey's unarmored cruisers before they were reinforced. The chances of the race to Manila, between Cámara, when he started from Cadiz, and the two monitors from San Francisco, were deliberately taken, in order to insure the retention of Cervera's squadron in Santiago; or its destruction, in case of attempted escape. Not till that was sufficiently provided for would Watson's division be allowed to depart. Such exclusive tenacity of purpose, under suspense, is more difficult of maintenance than can be readily recognized by those who have not undergone it. To avoid misconception, it should be added here that our division at the Philippines was not itself endangered, although it was quite possible that Manila Bay might have to be temporarily abandoned, if Cámara kept on. The movements of the monitors were well in hand, and their junction assured, even under the control of a commander of less conspicuous ability than that already shown by Admiral Dewey. The return of the united force would speedily have insured Cámara's destruction and the restoration of previous conditions. It is evident, however, that a certain amount of national mortification, and possibly of political complication, might have occurred in the interim.

The necessity and the difficulty of thus watching the squadrons of an enemy within

his ports—of "blockading" them, to use a common expression, of "containing" them, to conform to a strictly accurate military terminology—are more familiar to the British naval mind than to ours; for, both by long historical experience and by present-day needs, the vital importance of so narrowly observing the enemy's movements has been forced upon its consciousness. A committee of very distinguished British admirals a few years since reported that, having in view the difficulty of the operation in itself, and the chances of the force detailed falling below its minimum by accidents, or by absence for coal or refits, British naval supremacy, vital to the empire, demanded the number of five British battle-ships to three of the fleet thus to be controlled. Admiral Sampson's armored ships numbered seven to Cervera's four, a proportion not dissimilar; but those seven were all the armored ships, save monitors, worthless for such purpose, that the United States owned, or will own for some months yet to come. It should be instructive and convincing to the American people to note that, when two powerful armored ships of the enemy were thus on their way to attack at one end of the world an admiral and a division that had deserved so well of their country, our whole battle fleet, properly so called, was employed to maintain off Santiago the proportions which foreign officers, writing long before the conditions arose, had fixed as necessary. Yet the state with which we were at war ranks very low among naval powers.

The circumstance possesses a further most practical present interest, from its bearing upon the question between numbers and individual size in the organization of the naval line of battle; for the ever importunate demand for increase in dimensions, in the single ship, is already upon the United States navy, and to it no logical, no simply rational, limit has yet been set. This question may be stated as follows: A country can, or will, pay only so much for its war fleet. That amount of money means so much aggregate tonnage. How shall that tonnage be allotted? And, especially, how shall the total tonnage invested in armored ships be divided? Will you have a few very big ships, or more numerous medium ships? Where will you strike your mean between numbers and individual size? You cannot have both, unless your purse is unlimited. The Santiago incident, alike in the battle, in the preceding blockade, and in the concurrent necessity of sending battle-ships to Dewey, illustrates various phases of the argument in favor of numbers, as against extremes of individual size. Heavier ships were not needed; fewer ships might have allowed some enemy to escape; the "Massachusetts" and the "New York," both being necessarily, though temporarily, absent, would, had the ships been bigger and fewer, have taken much more, proportionately, from the entire squadron. Above all, had that aggregate, 65,934 of tonnage, in seven ships, been divided among five only, of 13,000 each, I know not how the two ships that were designated to go with Watson to the Philippines could possibly have sailed.

The question is momentous, and claims intelligent and immediate decision; for tonnage, once locked up in a built ship, cannot be got out and redistributed to meet the call of the moment. Neither may men evade a definite conclusion by saying that they will have both unlimited power—*i.e.*, size—and unlimited number; for this they cannot have. A decision must be reached, and upon it purpose must be concentrated unwaveringly; the disadvantages as well as the advantages of the choice must be accepted with singleness of mind. Individual size is needed, for specific reasons; numbers also are necessary. Between the two opposing demands there is doubtless a mean of individual size which will insure the maximum offensive power of the *fleet;* for that, and not the maximum power of the single ship, is the true object of battle-ship construction. Battle-ships in all ages are meant to act together, in fleets; not singly, as mere cruisers.

A full discussion of all the considerations, on one side or the other, of this question would demand more space than the scope of these papers permits. As with most conclusions of a concrete character dealing with contradictory elements, the result reached will inevitably be rather an approximation than an absolute demonstrable certainty; a broad general statement, not a narrow formula. All rules of war, which is not an exact science, but an art, have this characteristic. They do not tell one exactly how to do right, but they give warning when a step is being contemplated which the experience of ages asserts to be wrong. To an instructed mind they cry silently, "Despite all plausible arguments, this one element involved in that which you are thinking to do shows that in it you will go wrong." In the judgment of the writer, two conditions must be primarily considered in determining a class of battle-ship to which, for the sake of homogeneous-

ness, most of the fleet should conform. Of these two, one must be given in general terms; the other can be stated with more precision. The chief requisite to be kept in view in the battle-ship is the *offensive power of the fleet* of which it is a member. The aggregate gun-power of the fleet remaining the same, the increase of its numbers, by limiting the size of the individual ships, tends, up to a certain point, to increase its offensive power; for war depends largely upon combination, and facility of combination increases with numbers. Numbers, therefore, mean increase of offensive power, other things remaining equal. I do not quote in defense of this position Nelson's saying that "numbers only can annihilate," because in his day experience had determined a certain mean size of working battle-ship, and he probably meant merely that preponderant numbers of that type were necessary; but weight may justly be laid upon the fact that our forerunners had, under the test of experience, accepted a certain working mean, and had rejected those above and below that mean, save for exceptional uses.

The second requisite to be fulfilled in the battle-ship is known technically as *coal endurance*—ability to steam a certain distance without recoaling, allowing in the calculation a reasonable margin of safety, as in all designs. This standard distance should be the greatest that separates two coaling places, as they exist in the scheme of fortified coaling ports which every naval nation should frame for itself. In our own case, under evident future conditions, such distance would be that from Honolulu to Guam, in the Ladrones—3,500 miles. The excellent results obtained from our vessels already in commission, embodying as they do the tentative experiences of other countries, as well as the reflective powers of our own designers, make it antecedently probable that 10,000 and 12,000 tons represent the extremes of normal displacement advantageous for the United States battle-ship. When this limit is exceeded, observation of foreign navies goes to show that the numbers of the fleet will be diminished and its aggregate gun-power not increased—that is, ships of 15,000 tons actually have little more gun-power than those of 10,000. Both results are deviations from the ideal of the battle fleet already given. In the United States navy the tendency to huge ships needs to be particularly watched, for we have a tradition in their favor, inherited from the successes of our heavy frigates in the early years of this century. It must be recalled, therefore, that those ships were meant to act singly, but that long experience has shown that for fleet operations a mean of size gives greater aggregate efficiency, both in force and in precision of manœuver. In the battle-ship great speed is distinctly secondary to offensive power and to coal endurance.

To return from a long digression. Either Cuba or Porto Rico might, in an ordinary case of war, have been selected as the first objective of the United States' operations, with very good reasons for either choice. What the British island Santa Lucia is to Jamaica, what Martinique would be to France, engaged in important hostilities in the Caribbean, that, in measure, Porto Rico is to Cuba, and was to Spain. To this was due the general and justifiable professional expectation that Cervera's squadron would first make for that point, although the anchorage at San Juan, the principal port, leaves very much to be desired in the point of military security for a fleet—a fact that will call for close and intelligent attention on the part of the professional advisers of the Navy Department. But, while either of the Spanish islands was thus eligible, it would have been quite out of the question to attempt both at the same time, our navy being only equal to the nominal force of Spain; nor, it should be added, could a decided superiority over the latter have justified operations against both, unless our numbers had sufficed to overbear the whole of the hostile war fleet at both points. To have the greater force, and then to divide it, so that the enemy can attack either or both fractions with decisively superior numbers, is the acme of military stupidity; nor is it the less stupid because in practice it has been frequently done. In it has often consisted the vaunted operation of "surrounding an enemy," "bringing him between two fires," and so forth; pompous and troublesome combinations, by which a divided force, that could perfectly well move as a whole, starts from two or three widely separated points to converge upon a concentrated enemy, permitting him meanwhile the opportunity, if alert enough, to strike the divisions in detail.

Having this obvious consideration in mind, it is curious now to recall that in the "North American Review," so lately as February, 1897, appeared an article entitled "Can the United States Afford to Fight Spain?" by "a Foreign Naval Officer"—evidently, from internal indications, a Spaniard—in which occurred this brilliant statement: "For the

purposes of an attack upon Spain in the West Indies, the American fleet would necessarily divide itself into two squadrons, one ostensibly destined for Porto Rico, the other for Cuba. . . . Spain, before attempting to inflict serious damage upon places on the American coast, would certainly try to cut off the connection between the two American squadrons operating in the West Indies, and to attack each separately." The remark illustrates the fool's paradise in which many Spaniards, even naval officers, were living before the war, as is evidenced by articles in their own professional periodicals. To attribute such folly to us was not complimentary; and I own my remarks, upon first reading it, were not complimentary to the writer's professional competency.

All reasons therefore combined to direct the first movement of the United States upon Cuba, and upon Cuba alone, leaving Spain in undisputed possession of such advantages as Porto Rico might give. But Cuba and Porto Rico, points for *attack*, were not, unluckily, the only two considerations forced upon the attention of the United States. We have a very long coast-line, and it was notorious that the defenses were not so far advanced, judged by modern standards, as to inspire perfect confidence, either in professional men or in the inhabitants. By some of the latter, indeed, were displayed evidences of panic unworthy of men, unmeasured, irreflective, and therefore irrational; due largely, it is to be feared, to that false gospel of peace which preaches it for the physical comfort and ease of mind attendant, and in its argument against war strives to smother righteous indignation or noble ideals by appealing to the fear of loss—casting the pearls of peace before the swine of self-interest. But a popular outcry, whether well or ill founded, cannot be wholly disregarded by a representative government; and outside of the dangers to the coast, which, in the case of the larger cities at least, were probably exaggerated, there was certainly an opportunity for an enterprising enemy to embarrass seriously the great coasting trade carried on under our own flag. There was much idle talk, in Spain and elsewhere, about the injury that could be done to United States commerce by scattered cruisers, commerce-destroyers. It was overlooked that our commerce under our own flag is inconsiderable—there were very few American ships abroad to be captured. But the coasting trade, being wholly under our own flag, was, and remains, an extremely vulnerable interest, one the protection of which will make heavy demands upon us in any maritime war. Nor can it be urged that that interest alone will suffer by its own interruption. The bulky cargoes carried by it cannot be transferred to the coastwise railroads, without overtaxing the capacities of the latter; all of which means, ultimately, increase of cost and consequent suffering to the consumer, together with serious injury to all related industries dependent upon this traffic.

Under these combined influences the United States government found itself confronted from the beginning with two objects of military solicitude, widely divergent one from the other, both in geographical position and in method of action—namely, the attack upon Cuba, and the protection of its own shores. As the coast defenses did not inspire confidence, the navy had to supplement their weakness, although it is essentially an offensive, and not a defensive, organization. Upon this the enemy counted much at the first. "To defend the Atlantic coasts in case of war," wrote a Spanish lieutenant who had been naval attaché in Washington, "the United States will need one squadron to protect the port of New York and another for the Gulf of Mexico. But if the squadron which it now possesses is devoted to the defense of New York (including Long Island Sound), the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico must be entirely abandoned and left at the mercy of blockade and bombardment." Our total force for the order of battle, prior to the arrival of the "Oregon," was nominally only equal to that of the enemy, and, when divided between the two objects named, the halves were not decisively superior to the single squadron under Cervera—which also might be reinforced by some of the armored ships then in Spain. The situation, therefore, was one that is not infrequent, but always embarrassing: a double purpose and a single force, which, although divisible, ought not to be divided.

It is proper here to say, for the remark is both pertinent and most important, that coast defenses and naval force are not interchangeable things; neither are they opponents, one of the other, but complementary. The one is stationary, the other mobile; and, however perfect in itself either may be, the other is necessary to its completeness. In different nations, the relative consequence of the two may vary. In Great Britain, whose people are fed from the outside world, the need for a fleet vastly exceeds that for coast defenses. With us, able to live off ourselves, there is more

approach to parity. Men may even differ as to which is the more important; but such difference, in this question, which is purely military, is not according to knowledge. In equal amounts, mobile offensive power is always, and under all conditions, more effective to the ends of war than stationary defensive power. Why, then, provide the latter? Because mobile force, whatever shape it take, ships or men, is limited narrowly as to the weight it can bear; whereas stationary force, generally, being tied to the earth, is restricted in the same direction only by the ability of the designer to cope with the conditions. Given a firm foundation, which practically can always be had, and there is no limit to the amount of armor—mere defensive outfit—be it wood, stone, bricks, or iron, that you can erect upon it; neither is there any limit to the weight of guns, the offensive element, that earth can bear; only they will be motionless guns. The power of a steam navy to move is practically unfettered; its ability to carry weight, whether guns or armor, is comparatively very small. Fortifications, on the contrary, have almost unbounded power to bear weight, whereas their power to move is *nil;* which again amounts to saying that, being chained, they can put forth offensive power only at arm's length, as it were. Thus stated, it is seen that these two elements of sea warfare are in the strictest sense complementary, one possessing what the other has not; and that the difference is fundamental, essential, unchangeable—not accidental or temporary. Given local conditions which are generally to be found, greater power, defensive and offensive, can be established in permanent works than can be brought to the spot by fleets. When, therefore, circumstances permit ships to be squarely pitted against fortifications—not merely to pass swiftly by them—it is only because the builders of the shore works have not, for some reason, possibly quite adequate, given them the power to repel attack which they might have had. It will not be asserted that there are no exceptions to this, as to most general rules; but as a broad statement it is almost universally true. "I took the liberty to observe," wrote Nelson at the siege of Calvi, when the commanding general suggested that some vessels might batter the forts, "that the business of laying wood against walls was much altered of late." Precisely what was in his mind when he said "of late," does not appear; but the phrase itself shows that the conditions which induced any momentary equality between ships and forts, when brought within range, were essentially transient.

As seaports, and all entrances from the sea, are stationary, it follows naturally that the arrangements for their defense also should, as a rule, be permanent and stationary, for as such they are strongest. Indeed, unless stationary, they are apt not to be permanent, as was conclusively shown in the late hostilities, where all the new monitors, six in number, intended for coast defense, were diverted from that object and despatched to distant points; two going to Manila, and stripping the Pacific coast of protection, so far as based upon them. This is one of the essential vices of a system of coast defense dependent upon ships, even when constructed for that purpose; they are always liable to be withdrawn by an emergency, real or fancied. Upon the danger of such diversion to the local security Nelson insisted, when charged with the guard of the Thames in 1801. The block ships (stationary batteries), he directed, were on no account to be moved for any momentary advantage; for it might very well be impossible for them to regain their carefully chosen positions, when wanted there. Our naval scheme in past years has been seriously damaged, and now suffers, from two misleading conceptions: one that a navy is for defense primarily, and not for offensive war; the other, consequent mainly upon the first, that the monitor, being stronger defensively than offensively, and of inferior mobility, was the best type of war ship. The Civil War, being, so far as the sea was concerned, essentially a coast war, naturally fostered this opinion. The monitor, in smooth water, is better able to stand up to shore guns than ships are, which present a larger target; but, for all that, it is more vulnerable, both above water and below, than shore guns are, if these are properly distributed. It is a hybrid, neither able to bear the weight that fortifications do, nor having the mobility of ships; and it is, moreover, a poor gun-platform, in a sea-way.

There is no saying of Napoleon's known to the writer more pregnant of the whole art and practice of war than this, "Exclusiveness of purpose is the secret of great successes and of great operations." If, therefore, in maritime war, you wish permanent defenses for your coasts, rely exclusively upon stationary works, if the conditions admit, not upon floating batteries which have the weaknesses of ships. If you wish offensive war carried on vigorously upon the seas, rely exclusively upon ships that have the qualities

of ships and not of floating batteries. We had in the recent hostilities 26,000 tons of shipping sealed up in monitors, of comparatively recent construction, in the Atlantic and the Pacific. There was not an hour, from first to last, I will venture to say, that we would not gladly have exchanged the whole six for two battle-ships of less aggregate displacement; and that although, from the weakness of the Spanish defenses, we were able to hug pretty closely most parts of the Cuban coast. Had the Spanish guns at Santiago kept our fleet at a greater distance, we should have lamented still more bitterly the policy which gave us sluggish monitors for mobile battle-ships.

THE NIGHT AFTER SAN JUAN.

STORIES OF THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD AND IN THE HOSPITAL.

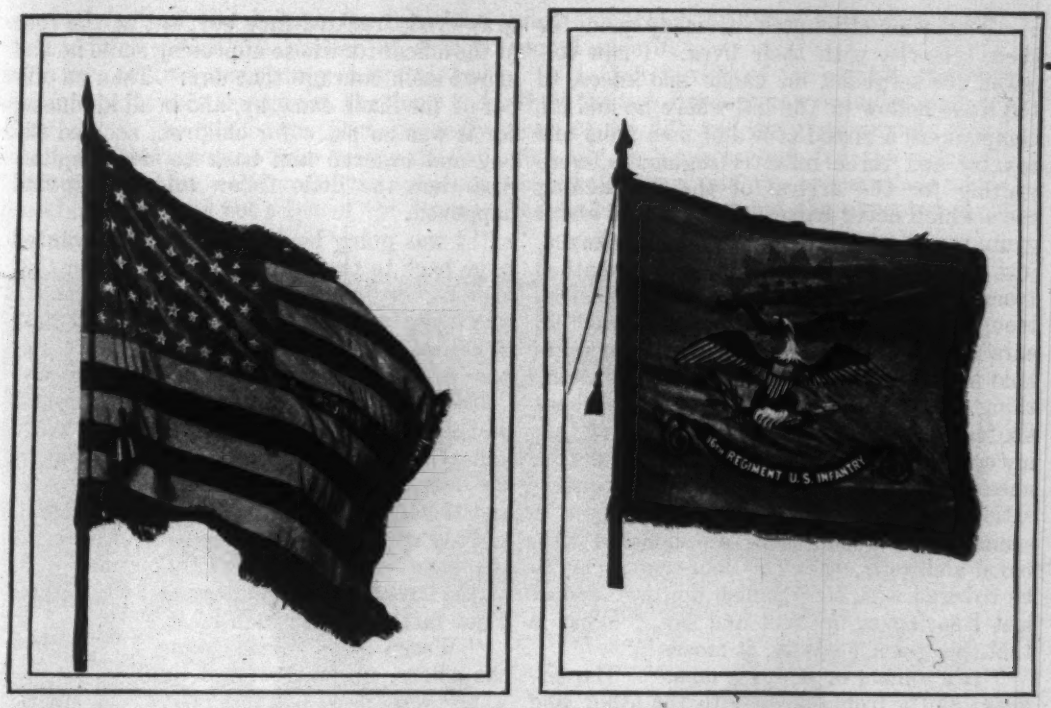
By Stephen Bonsal.

AS we gazed upon it from afar, the charge of the two gallant infantry brigades up the slopes leading to the heights where the San Juan fort was perched resembled nothing so much as a great wave sweeping slowly in from the sea. Before our eyes, in some places, the great wave grew smaller and thinner, and now and again would subside and seemed about to dissolve altogether, as though robbed of all its force and impetus by the ragged reefs. It seemed even, for moments, as though the waves must fall back, our thin, broken line recede, for the impossible had been attempted, and the fire that came from the blockhouse was more than flesh and blood could stand against. Still the scattered bunches of men kept moving wearily up the hill, with their necks stretched out eagerly and dragging their lagging bodies. But the little clumps of blue which did not advance, which could not move, the heaps of dead and wounded, which in their blue clothing stood out so strikingly against the green background of the jungle grasses, were growing more numerous with every smokeless volley that came from the blockhouse.

Truly, at this crisis, it seemed as though the blue waves would not reach the hilltop, as though the men who had fallen upon the slopes had fallen in vain. Then the bugle note "to the charge" was heard again, over the valley and up the hill; three of the buglers of the Sixth Infantry alone, gave their last dying breath to this trumpet call, which shall never die away in the memory of their countrymen. It was heard again and again, above the unceasing "rup rup" of the regular, almost mechanical musketry fire that came sweeping down from the Spanish position. And with this inspiration, in one place, right by the fort, the human wave rose and ran out into a point. You could count on the fingers of your hand the brave men who were leading it, and even as you counted they grew fewer, the arms of some going wildly up in the air as they fell. Then, with a weak and tired cheer, half a dozen men came out upon the open ground in front of the blockhouse, looking strangely tall against the sky line. I expected to see them mowed down, they were so pitifully few, but the Spaniards had fled. In no instance did our line come into closer contact with the retreating Spaniards than from 100 to 150 yards, and I am afraid the artists who have pictured the scene differently have succumbed to the temptation to draw the conventional scene of a hand-to-hand conflict, and I am sure they have failed to represent things as they were.

A PRIVATE OF THE SIXTH.

The leader of this thin and scattered line, this forlorn hope that persisted in advancing through the leaden hail, was Lieutenant Ord —of a family that has given many a brave soldier to our country, but none braver than he. There raced with him, running neck and neck the gauntlet of death, a color-bearer of the Sixteenth Infantry, carrying his great flag unfurled to the battle breeze; a private of the Sixth Infantry; and a little flute-player of the Sixth—a boy of sixteen, looking, however, barely fourteen, who, when the regiment came out of the jungle and the



THE UNITED STATES FLAG AND REGIMENTAL COLORS OF THE SIXTEENTH REGULAR INFANTRY—THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAGS RAISED ON SAN JUAN HILL.

colors of the regiment were uncapped and all made ready for the assault, had been ordered back to the hospital, but had concluded to remain with the "other fellows," as he told me. The young private of the Sixth was an Ohio boy who joined the regiment just before it left Fort Thomas for the war. He ran by Ord's side, the first on the rush line throughout the terrible climb, only to fall about twenty yards short of the crest of the hill. A deadly pallor spread over his face, and Ord, who had turned to one side in answer to a faint cry from his brave companion, saw that the wound was a mortal one. "My poor fellow," he said, for the moments they had lived together during the charge had bound them with bonds of steel. "My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you."

"I didn't call you back for anything like that, Lieutenant. I'm done for. But I thought you'd better take my steel nippers; there may be still another wire fence beyond the crest of the hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you."

In a few minutes he died where he had fallen, but not before he had heard the bugle notes that called upon our scattered men to assemble in the blockhouse and the trenches that they had wrested from the Spaniards, and not before his eyes had seen the Stars and Stripes waving over the Spanish fort. And in one thing more his death was merciful: he never knew that the young officer whom he worshiped with pure, unselfish idolatry had fallen, like himself, in the hour of victory, and lay there stiff and cold, not fifty yards away.

"IT WAS A MAN."

A fat sergeant creeping cautiously along upon his hands and knees came in to my bomb-proof hollow, and asked me if I had any grub in my haversack or water in my canteen to spare. And when I gave him the canteen mechanically, he shook it, and hearing how little water there was left, gave it back to me and began to lecture. "You're a pretty soldier," he said, "giving away your canteen with just enough water in it to cook coffee with; it may be a long time before you get any more water, and you had better keep that."

But I didn't; I drank it. All the talk about water had made me thirsty. And, after all, I did not come out so badly; the sergeant's talk of cooking coffee was purely fantastic—there was very little coffee cooked until the white flag went up on the 3d, and

of those who attempted it, many paid for their temerity with their lives. I now followed the sergeant, on hands and knees, to the little hollow in the hill where he and his companions, a mixed crowd of men from one cavalry and three infantry regiments, were waiting for the arrival of the intrenching tools which never came. They talked about grub, torn coats, broken shoes and pickaxes, just as if they had not come out unscathed from the most deadly charge that American troops ever engaged in. And I listened all ears and attention, but they could not quite hold my attention, because of an uncanny thing that lay there upon the ground about six feet away. When the sergeant saw that my eyes were riveted upon it, his gaze shifted uneasily from it to me, and then the conversation began to flag. I look at it again, it seems to be a door-mat, all smeared with blood and gore; then the door-mat seems to be covered with the Spanish uniform, and at last I spring to my feet and say, "What is that, Sergeant? Why, it moves!"

"It's a man, or it was a man." The sergeant shifts from one foot to the other, and glances from one of his comrades to another; but the whole detachment look a little sheepish and out of countenance. Finally, one man spoke up: "No, it wasn't a man," he said; "it was a murdering, cowardly scoundrel. He was lying wounded on the edge of the trench where he had fallen in attempting to escape, when Lieutenant Ord of our company ran past him toward the blockhouse; and seeing that the fellow would be killed by the fire from his own men, he turned to two of us and said, 'Take that Spaniard, and carry him behind the blockhouse, out of the fire.' The scoundrel listened, then pulling out a pistol, he poked it in our lieutenant's face and blew out his brains, killing on the spot the brave boy that we had been following all the day, who, even in the moment of victory, had thought how he might save the scoundrel's life. The Spaniard then fell back smiling like a devil, but I reckon we knocked that expression out of his face. Yes, that's him, though his own mother would not know him; we clubbed him to death with the butts of our rifles."

THE LITTLE FLUTE-PLAYER AGAIN.

When I crept on, I found the little flute-player sitting by young Ord's body, at the place where we afterwards buried him, by the trenches which the Twenty-fourth Infantry subsequently occupied. The little chap, a gray-eyed, freckled-face boy, sat at the feet of the officer for whose approving smile he had shown such courage that day. Then an officer of the Sixth came by, and in all kindness, for it was no place for children, scolded the boy and ordered him back to the hospital. And then the little fellow told how it had happened.

"I was going back," he said; "I wanted to go back to the hospital and look after Colonel Egbert when he fell wounded, and I was doing no good at the front, for my flute is ruined with the mud and the rain. But just as I started back I heard Mr. Ord say, 'Now all the boys who is brave will follow me; all the boys who's brave, follow me!' and then he rushed ahead, and kept that up for 'bout half an hour, resting a little while, and then rushing ahead. And every time he started up, he would shout back, 'Now, all the boys who's brave will follow me!' So all the boys followed him, and as I was lighter I got farther ahead than most."

"Weren't you afraid, sonny?" inquired the officer, grinning with delight.

"I was very fearful, sir, but I wasn't afraid."

While we were talking, a colonel of cavalry came riding up the hill as far as he could go, and then dismounting came on on foot. His face was stern and ashen, with the look of a man who has seen his son die at his side not an hour before. He listened to the little flute-player, and smiled with pleasure at the boy's brave answer. "Ah, yes," he said, "there are many brave boys left, and you will make a good soldier some day," and patting the little fellow on the shoulder, he went on.*

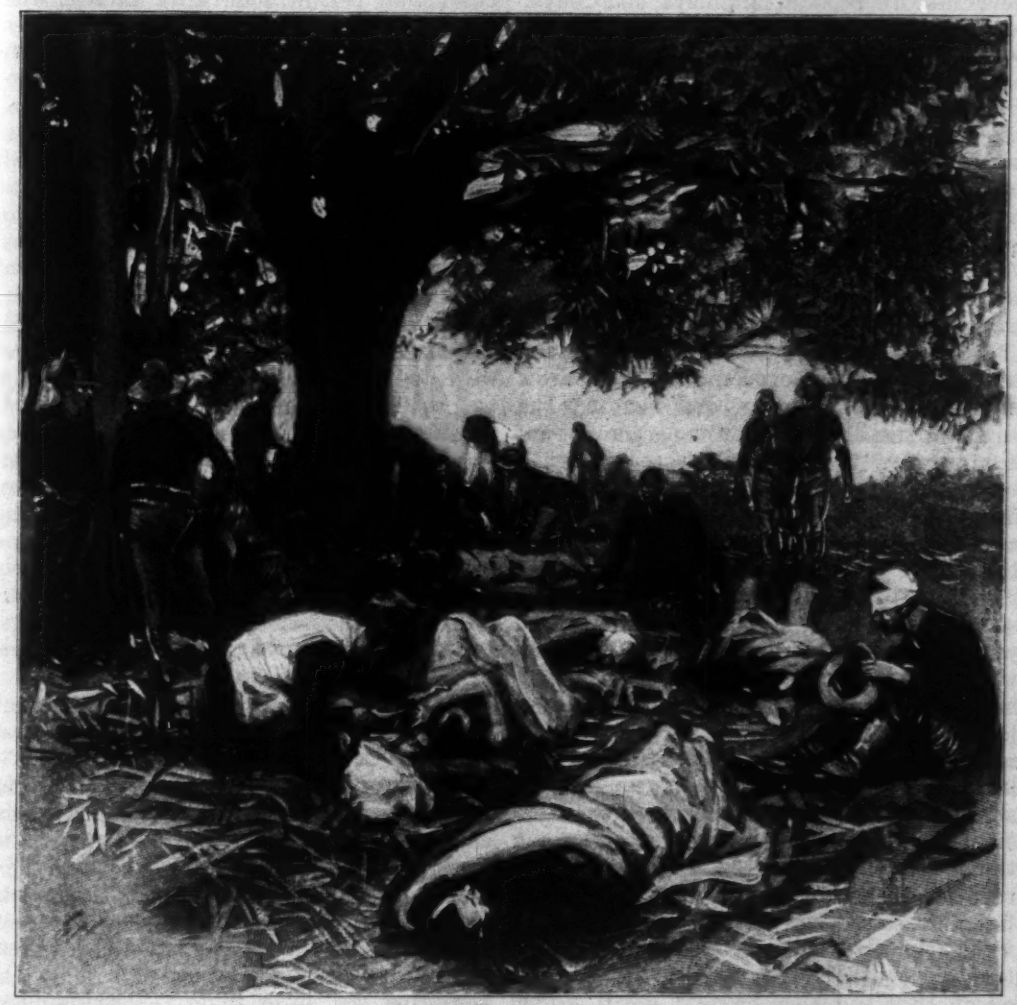
THE WOUNDED IN THE JUNGLE.

After the rain and during the hour of darkness before the moon rose, in all the fullness of its warm tropical beauty, over the battle-field, the wounded, who had been crouching behind the bushes near which they fell or in the little dressing-stations directly behind the firing line, where they had been cared for as far as the devotion of their comrades and the courage of the surgeons and the hospital stewards could supply the absolute want of proper medical and surgical supplies, were placed on blankets caked with mud and wet from the recent rain, and carried down the hillside under a dropping fire from the enemy, and back along the forest road which led

* The last I heard of the young flute-player he was very ill with the fever at Montauk; if he died, I believe, with the cavalry colonel, that we have indeed lost a brave soldier.

from the foot of the heights to San Juan Creek. Here, under the shelter of a high bank, the central emergency hospital had been in operation throughout the long and bloody day. The place was perhaps badly chosen, but there was no time during the day of battle to change. Several of the surgeons were killed here, and not a few of the attendants, picked off by Spanish sharpshooters, to whom it seemed that the red cross which flew over the hospital station, and which was worn by those who were charged with the care of the wounded, was indeed a shining and attractive mark and one rather sought after than avoided. But, of course, appearances may have been deceptive, and the whole valley may have been swept with the fire which proved so destructive about the hospital and which at times seemed to be directed upon it.

Of course, in view of the perilous situation which the two divisions now occupied upon the crest of the hill, and the great anxiety which was felt at headquarters for the safety of the whole army, and the preparations which had to be made against the expected night attack of the Spaniards to drive our men back and retake their lost position, the search for the dead and the wounded this evening had to be confined to a very limited area, and was only as thorough as the shortness of the time for which men could be spared from the colors permitted. The jungle and the great fields of long grass were not searched, and thus many of the wounded were not discovered until the following day, and quite a num-



A field hospital near El Caney, directly behind the firing line. From a photograph kindly loaned by the Chicago "Record."

ber, indeed, not until the armistice was declared, on the third day after the battle, when the men had time to ransack the hillside and the valley for the missing. And there were some—those who had the strength when they fell to crawl through the cactus, the Spanish bayonet, and all manner of prickly and trailing plants into the deeper and more protected recesses of the jungle—who were never discovered at all until days, many days, had passed; and the gathering of the vultures told where some poor fellow had died without care and without food, of his wounds or from starvation. Of such an one, when his place of hiding was discovered, there was, as a rule, only left a whitened skeleton and pieces of the uniform he had worn. The last resting-place of not a few was never discovered at all.

I believe I am giving a moderate estimate when I say that at least one-third of the men wounded on July 1st received no attention and were not brought back to the division hospital until the afternoon of July 3d. This night we knew nothing, and had not the slightest suspicion, of how numerous the undiscovered wounded were. Those that had been discovered and brought back to the dressing-station by the creek were far more numerous than even those who had followed the battle most closely had anticipated. Shortly after sunset a long train of army wagons, which, in default of ambulances, were to carry the wounded back to the division hospital and to Siboney, came rattling up to the dressing-station, and here were loaded with the sadly moaning and pitifully mutilated bodies of those who had fallen in the gallant charge. To the song of the shrapnel and the crackling sound of the Mauser bullets, as they tore their way through the jungle, and amid the sharp, exploding reports overhead, which gave rise to the belief among our men that the Spaniards were using explosive bullets,* the wounded were taken out of the improvised litters upon which they had been brought down, loaded into the springless army wagons, and started down the trail, where for many a mile they were potted at by sharpshooters, and were, indeed, for a considerable distance well within the range of the fire of the Spanish riflemen in their trenches.

Only about half of the wounded men who were discovered this evening had been brought back to the dressing-station, when the moon rose above the dark forest line and lit up the battlefield and the heights of San Juan as clearly, and, indeed, more clearly than day, for there was now not the dazzling force and the confusing mirage of the pitiless sunlight to blind the sight. The majority of these men had had their wounds dressed where they fell, or soon after falling, with the first-aid bandages. There were very few indeed to whom it had been possible to give any further attention than this, as the regimental surgeons, for want of transportation, had been unable to bring their medical chests, and those who were best provided carried with them only small pocket cases. Under these circumstances, then, the distribution to the soldiers of the first-aid bandages, which had taken place several days before, was a great blessing, and undoubtedly saved many lives.

When the first-aid bandages were applied, the wounded man and those who helped him were, as a rule, under fire, which made any but the most summary methods of wound-dressing quite impossible. Fortunately these bandages, so simple and practical, lent themselves excellently well to this procedure. The first thing the soldiers or the hospital attendants would do when they came upon a wounded man was, in the case of a wound in the body, to tear off his shirt, or in the case of a wound in the leg, tear off his trousers, and then wrap around the wound the first-aid bandage.

The wound-dressers were generally in such haste, and the wounded men usually so helpless to assist in any way, and their shirts and trousers so rotten from the drenching rains in which they had been worn without change day or night, that the taking off of the clothing was literally what I call it—tearing, and the garment came off so rent as to be quite useless for further wear. Consequently the soldiers were carried half-naked, or, if they had been wounded in both the body and the lower limbs, as was so frequently the case, entirely naked, to the army wagons and so down to the hospital, where there was not a scrap of clothing or bedding forthcoming to cover them with. Those who were stripped in this way during the daytime were baked and blistered by the fierce sunlight, only to shiver with the penetrating cold and dampness after the rain had ceased to fall and when the chill night came on.

Knowing that he was totally unprepared to clothe or cover the wounded that would

* These reports which sounded so much like explosive bullets were doubtless occasioned by the separation of the copper jacket from the bullet in mid air. The Spaniards harbored the same suspicion of the ammunition that we were using as we did of theirs. It is doubtless only another example of how unacquainted both armies were with the effect of the small-bore, flat trajectory rifles.

probably be brought in, the chief surgeon of the corps issued an order, the evening before the battle, that all wounded men should be brought in with their blankets, halves of shelter-tents, and ponchos, when possible. This was certainly a step in the right direction, even if it was but a frank confession by the authorities that no preparation had been made by them for the emergency which it cannot be said was suddenly thrust upon them, but which they might have foreseen and should have been preparing against for many weeks previous. While the attending soldiers, realizing how serious for their wounded comrades it would be to have to lie in the hospitals uncovered to wind and weather, made great efforts to find their packs, these efforts were not often successful, and a great majority of the wounded reached the hospital half naked, and had thereafter only the covering and the bedding which their comrades and the hospital attendants were able to "rustle" for them, and this was little enough and not seldom nothing at all. Had the ambulances been at hand which we left in Tampa or upon the transports, ambulances without which it is reasonable to suppose—at least we had supposed—no civilized power would enter upon an aggressive war, much less upon a campaign in which we had the advantage of choosing both our own time and the field of operations, the outrageous treatment which our wounded suffered and the barbarous scenes which we were called upon to witness upon this and the following days would never have occurred.

The wounded men were brought down from the firing line in every conceivable and makeshift way. Some were carried lying limp, like clay, in wet blankets, which now and then would tear, throwing the wounded upon the ground. Others came pick-a-back upon the shoulders of their comrades. Very few indeed came in the stretchers especially intended for this purpose, for notwithstanding their lightness and varied utility, in the terribly trying march up from the sea, the officers had been unable to prevent the soldiers from abandoning the great majority of them. So very thin was our firing line, and so loath were the officers to spare rifles from it when the attack was expected at any moment, that not a few of the wounded, and many with very serious wounds, were compelled to hobble down quite alone and unassisted from the front, reaching the dressing-station often in a state of complete exhaustion. I saw several amusing instances, during the day, showing how far a wounded man can hobble to get out of the zone of fire. The whistling bullets approaching the lair where they lay wounded often proved an almost miraculous tonic to their relaxed energies. I saw one man who was seriously wounded indeed, and who had been unable or had thought he was unable to raise a finger for the two preceding hours, get up and walk resolutely for two miles, straight away, when a shrapnel shell burst over the bush under which he was enjoying shelter from the sun, but not from the bullets.

In an army ambulance each man has his own berth or section, very much after the plan of our sleeping-cars. These berths rise tier above tier and row after row. Traveling in one is not the acme of comfort, still it is the best that civilization can do for men engaged in the savage game of war. At least they cannot be overcrowded, each man has his allotted place, and no one can encroach upon it. But we now had in use only three ambulances, and the army wagon, our substitute, offered no such safeguard against overcrowding. The wagons were, of course, large and roomy, but there were no sections or compartments, nothing for the poor, jostled patient to hang on to as the springless vehicle jolted over the rugged road; and the siding and flooring of the wagons were rough and splintered by the weight of the heavy barrels, the cartridge boxes, and the other heavy freight that they had carried this very day. In consequence, many a wounded man was taken out covered with splinters, which had penetrated deep into his flesh, inflicting uncomfortable and in some instances serious wounds.

The way in which the human freight was loaded into the great, barn-like wagons left nothing to be desired. Where the wounded had brought blankets with them, these were tucked about them to break as far as possible the jolting of the unbending axles; and, at least for the first part of the evening and before it was suspected how very heavy our losses had been, an effort was made to give each man all the room that his condition required. Those who were so weak as not to be able to sit up were allotted plenty of room to lie down in, and those who could sit up and lean against the boarding of the wagons were given, it seemed, ample elbow and knee room in which to stretch out their weary limbs when cramped.

In this plight, which at the moment did not seem too horrible, we saw the wagon train of wounded start out upon the journey

of about four miles to the hospital, which many a man now dead would have survived had the journey been made with more suitable transportation and under more civilized circumstances. The trail leading back to Siboney, for such it is, though set down upon the Spanish maps as a royal road, was washed out in many places by the tropical rains that were now falling, and in others was so overgrown with weeds that it scarcely deserved to be dignified even with the name of trail. Certainly in many places it was very obscure. There were four creeks to be crossed between the front and the division hospital, and these creeks the corps of engineers had failed to bridge, though they made repeated, but most unsuccessful, attempts to do so.*

The army wagons were perfectly bare and empty. Upon neither the side-boarding nor the flooring were there divisions or cross-bars by which a passenger could retain his position when the wagons tilted forward or backward and from one side to the other, as they did every fifty paces owing to the inequalities of the rugged road. This was terrible enough, because of the most acute suffering it caused to the wounded, but it was much worse when the wagons, driven blindly in the darkness over an almost unexplored trail, plunged forward down the banks of the stream, and after many a delay, caused by the balking of the mules and the heavy mire, were driven at a gallop up the other side.

It was at a ford a mile back from the dressing-station, where we waited and filled our dry canteens with water, that I first realized the suffering which the absence of proper transportation entailed upon the wounded. Here it was that I began to understand that the men whom I had heard crying out, as we passed them on the dark trail, "Stop, stop! For God's sake, let me get out and die in the grass!" were not delirious, but in conscious agony were suffering more than the strongest man could bear. I shall never forget the sight which I shall now attempt, not to describe, but simply to outline; it is the one the most lasting and indelible of my impressions of the war. And yet it is so fantastic and so horrible that at times I have tried to dismiss it altogether from my mind as an unreal and a gruesome dream which came to me in an access of fever. But, unfortunately, there were others with me who saw it, others whose memory of it coincides with mine.

We had filled our canteens and poured into them a few precious drops of the lime juice which the soldiers so thirsted for,* and were on the far side of the stream when the first wagon of the noisy, creaking train came out of the forest trail toward us and pitched down the precipitous bank into the stream. There came from the wagon, as it drew near, a strange, low, moaning sound. It seemed too regular, altogether too mechanical, to come from human beings in distress: perhaps the axles and the tires needed greasing, I thought. Then suddenly the moon came sailing out from behind the forest trees, and I shall try and tell you something of what it disclosed, something of what I saw in the one moment I had the courage and heart to look upon the blood-curdling spectacle. Having no way of retaining their positions through all the jolting and the jarring, the sliding backward and forward, the wounded whom, but half an hour before, I had seen each in his place and as far as space was concerned comparatively comfortable, now lay all huddled together in indescribable confusion. There they lay, a squirming, writhing mass of naked, blood-stained, and bandaged limbs. . . . It was hard indeed to realize, as I heard their pitiful cries, that these were the same brave, patient fellows who had smiled so cheerfully as we helped them into the wagon half an hour before, with the thought that, at least for the present, their greatest sufferings were at an end. You would have been moved to indignation had the bodies that were heaped together in

* Had the building of these bridges been left for half a day to a detail of Michigan lumbermen, who were well represented in the Michigan regiments, or to a few frontiersmen of the regulars, the bridges would have been built, and good bridges too; but of course this was against all precedent prescribed by Red Tape. From now on, the engineer officers kept building bridges on paper, and the engineer soldiers kept trying to realize these scientific monstrosities in wood. But the only one of those attempted that came at all near completion, I saw fall down under its own weight. Every gun that was drawn through these creeks stuck in the mud at the bottom, and all traffic over the road had to be suspended for hours at a time while a battalion of men waded into the water and became thoroughly chilled in drawing the gun out. And when, as was so often the case, the bottom of the fords was covered with great granite boulders, the magnificent artillery horses were lamed and deeply cut about the shoulders by their iron collars drawn tight by the sudden jolts of these enforced halts. But thoroughly discreditable as were these incidents, they were as nothing in comparison with the suffering which these little unbridged creeks, over which an athletic man could almost spring, entailed upon the sick and the wounded who were jolted down the precipitous banks and up again in the lumbering army wagons.

* The very few boxes of this precious and, in such a climate, almost indispensable drink represented the full extent of the appreciation which was shown by the officials of the Commissary and Subsistence Department of the dietary necessary to the successful prosecution of a tropical campaign. Our baked beans and the fat bacon, with all their heating properties, would have been suitable food for a North Pole expedition or a journey to the Klondike. But to be eaten in the tropics they were simply poisonous, and I have always thought that, as this was the only sort of food obtainable, it was a very great blessing that we were able to get so very little of it. It is undeniably true that the regiments of the first division to advance, which lived on starvation rations at the front for the first week after landing, were in much better physical condition than the troops which, remaining behind on the beach and under a tropical sun, gorged themselves with this heating and greasy food.

this way been the bodies of the dead. But when you heard the low moans, the pitiful groans, and caught glimpses now and again of the pale, distracted faces, and the arms and hands stretched from out the writhing mass of men fruitlessly struggling to extricate themselves from their horrible position, you could hardly restrain yourself from knocking some one down, the teamster or the attendant, whoever was nearest at hand, before proceeding to do the little that here upon this lonely trail it was possible to do to help the sufferers.*

At last the little stream just west of the hospital was reached. Here the road was blocked, and there was much delay in getting the wounded out of the wagons and into the hospital inclosure. The hospital authorities had received no information that led them to expect the arrival of wounded in such great numbers, and of course they were found only half prepared. But there were many willing hands here, and we went from wagon to wagon helping the wounded to release themselves, and repairing as far as it lay in our power the damage, in some instances irreparable damage, which the journey down to the hospital under these circumstances had occasioned. Not a few men were taken out of the wagon dead. Many who had been placed in the wagons with the assurance from the surgeons at the front that they would be up and about in a few days and could return to the colors, were found delirious, and shrieking with horror, and living over again the scenes of suffering which they had witnessed and in which they had participated in the journey down from the front.

"The first wagon of the noisy, creaking train came out of the forest trail . . . and pitched down the precipitous bank into the stream."

* It is only right and fair to say that I did not see a single instance of negligence or carelessness on the part of the teamsters and the hospital attendants who were in charge of this melancholy train. The teamsters were fully occupied in driving their mules along a dangerous and unknown road, with every now and then a shell coming unpleasantly near and causing the mules to balk and sometimes, as the teamsters graphically described the strange cry, to "howl" with terror. There was only one attendant to each wagon; and as the wagons had no tail-boards, all these men could do was to sit at the end of the wagon and try and keep the wounded who were slipping and sliding about the floor from falling out altogether. Several of them I saw endeavoring to straighten out their patients, to get each man back to his place, but it was a hopeless task; and, besides, the orders were to drive straight down to the hospital without stopping, and so get out of the range of the Spanish fire as quickly as possible.

Slowly, very slowly indeed it seemed to me and to all of us who were anxious to have the wounded men examined and their wounds properly dressed, the human freight was unloaded at the entrance to the hospital inclosure. Here you could see in the moonlight, suspended from a tall bamboo, high up above the entrance to the inclosure, the Red Cross of Pity and the White Flag of Peace. At the gate there was on guard a detail of soldiers to search the wounded for arms as they were carried or hobbled past into the dressing-station. Their rifles and pistols were taken away from them, and this separation of the wounded soldier from his weapon gave rise to many pathetic scenes. The rifles were stacked in long rows along the road, and the cartridge belts were piled up in every direction. One after another the men were carried into the inclosure, and laid down somewhere, each with his ticket and number. And there, in the long files, they lay hour after hour upon the wet grass and in the dew, waiting patiently and without a murmur to be examined and to learn what fate the next few hours had in store.

Up and down the rows the younger surgeons hurry, on the lookout for men with pressing cases of hemorrhage, where time is very life itself. These they take out of their turn, and carry up to the examination-table, where the light of four or five flaming torches and the sputtering, smoking lamps shed a green, unnatural light over their blood-stained bodies, and over the surgeons working away as calmly as though they were examining the mechanism of a watch that was a little out of order. Meanwhile the attendants bustle about, carrying strange-looking instruments that glisten like silver in the moonlight. Now and again they move a little to one side, and you can see them wringing out sponges that are dark and heavy with the ebbing flood of many a man's life-blood.

I, too, sit down for a few moments in the circle of the wounded, who, bewildered by the light and all the noise and bustle of the busy place, lie there blinking and watching the surgeons at their work. As I lie there a sensation of numbness creeps up my limbs from the damp ground and finally ends in a chill. How long I stay, aghast and benumbed by the spectacle, I have no idea. At last, however, I am aroused. I feel that there is some one in that crowd of sufferers whose eyes are fixed upon me. Not idly or carelessly, but with the eloquent look of a man who knows that the fulfillment of his last mortal wish depends upon me—a stranger. I look down one row and up another until at last I come upon them, as I knew I would, those eyes which have been resting upon me with such an expression of intense anxiety. When this wounded man sees that, by the strange unfathomable power of telepathy, which none of us can explain, but which all of us have experienced, he has attracted my attention, his eyes leave mine and fall upon the figure of a young surgeon who, with his back to us, is kneeling over another wounded man about fifty feet away; and I understand what he would have me do, though no word is spoken.

In a few minutes I have brought the busy surgeon back. He recognizes the soldier, who belonged to the regiment in which he had served before being detached for hospital work. He places his arm around the poor fellow's shoulder in a friendly way, which makes him smile. "What can I do for you?"

For some moments the poor fellow's lips tremble, move spasmodically, and yet make no articulate sound. Finally we catch, however, what he is saying with such painful effort. "Truth, truth," he mutters, with his eyes still fixed in a searching, pleading gaze upon the doctor. He understands, and looks the man over carefully. He is shot through the stomach, and is dying of internal hemorrhage.

"Well, H——, I will tell you the truth. No man, not even a doctor, can speak with certainty, but I believe you are very seriously wounded; you have done your duty——"

The dying man interrupts; he has understood very quickly. "Pocket, right." And as we have now learned to understand the staccato way of speaking which the poor fellow has adopted in his agony for the economy of breath, the doctor dives his hand into his pocket and pulls out a handful of the little, hard, red berries that grew everywhere by the side of the jungle trail we have marched from the sea. The soldier had picked and strung them upon a piece of thread to make a necklace of.

"Write," he mutters; and the kindly doctor opens his note-book, in which there were already set down the last words of not a few voices that are now still. The dying soldier summons all his remaining strength for the great effort as the surgeon kneels beside him with book and pencil in hand and with his ear close to the purple lips. . . .

"Have you got it?" was the first broken sentence he spoke when he had revived from

the utter collapse into which the strain of constant speaking had thrown him.

"Yes, all right," answered the doctor cheerfully.

"Twenty-one —— Street?" he inquired restlessly, almost suspiciously.

The young doctor read over, slowly and distinctly, each word of the address as he had taken it down. The dying soldier nodded with approval as one after another each entry, the name, the street, the number, the city, and the State were correctly read off. The cross-examination over, he drew the necklace of berries to his lips, pressed it to his cheek, clutched it almost convulsively in both hands, and then, with trembling fingers, passed it over to the doctor, who took it mechanically, tied a little paper tag about it, put it away in his pocket, and then went on down through the rows of the wounded in search of men who, unlike the poor fellow he had just left, were not beyond the reach of human aid.

It was a strange and moving picture, this great amphitheater in the jungle clearing, where the moonlight fell so coldly upon the upturned faces of a thousand crippled men who were waiting there quietly for the examination upon the result of which for them and for us so much depended. For though we are 70,000,000 strong, and all our men are brave, we can ill afford to lose a single one of these gallant fellows who have shown such matchless courage to-day, who have added such undying laurels to our arms by their stubborn courage at Caney and their contempt for death at San Juan. It was a picture which I shall never forget, but you can never see, unless it has been preserved by more adequate words than are to be found in the halting phrases which come to my pen. Each in his turn—except the cases of such pressing importance that a few minutes' delay is all the difference between life and death—the wounded are carried up to the examination-table, where white men and black and yellow succeed one another like the painted slides of a stereopticon. They are stripped stark naked, and their wounds stand out bare in the lurid, mixed light of the fluttering torches and the serene reflection of the full moon overhead. Our regulars, our own people, the blacks who have won to-day in every quarter of the extended field a fame that will never die, and the Cubans, who have done what they could do, follow one another across the operation-table, showing upon

"Flaming torches and . . sputtering . . lamps shed a green, unnatural light over the surgeons."

their torn and mutilated bodies every conceivable wound that man can suffer. And not from a single one of them is heard a word of complaint. Of a natural anxiety as to their individual chances they gave no signs, but lay there quietly and still, with that peace of mind which comes from the consciousness of duty that has been well done. Now and again they would turn their weary, tired eyes toward the table where their comrades were passing before them under the probe and the knife; but I heard not a single outburst of impatience or an expression of anxiety from any man to hasten his turn, so that he might learn the sooner whether it was time or eternity that was opening before him.

Here under the light that beat upon the operating-table and the cold, searching eye of the surgeon, the wounded are divided into two classes: those whose wounds are dressed, and for whom a regular treatment is ordered and written out upon the little tags that are tied around each man's arm, and those who are past saving and for whom nothing can be done. I remember the first of those I saw that came into this category of the hopelessly wounded, of those whose injuries were so obviously mortal that the overworked surgeons did not feel justified in wasting a moment upon them. His face was livid, and the attendants drew him over the table as though he had been a sack of meal.

"Why do you bring a man here looking like that?" asked the surgeon-major, somewhat sternly.

"Because, Major," answered the young contract surgeon, "I think we can save this fellow's life by laparotomy."

The major grew interested. "Very pretty case; nice operation indeed." Then losing interest, "And perhaps we might save his life; but did you ever hear of a man recuperating after the shock of laparotomy on a diet of hard tack and rancid pork?"

The contract surgeon admitted with a laugh that he never had and never expected to.

"Anyhow," continued the major, with the confidence of a man aware that his reasoning is unanswerable, "we can't waste time on doubtful cases. It would be hardly a kindness to cut this man all to pieces, and then to let him die by inches of starvation, or from want of food proper to his condition. Besides, we must do the greatest good for the greatest number, and there are stacks of soldiers out there who, if we get at them to-night, may live, and if we don't, will die. So no more wasted time on doubtful cases, if you please."

The attendants hurried the hopelessly wounded man away from the zone of light around the table, and laid him down under the great ceiba-tree, with a blanket wrapped about him and with a bundle of guinea grass to pillow his head. It was a quiet place, secluded from all the hurry and bustle by a hedge-like thicket. Here, stretched out in a semicircle, lay all those upon whom it was thought not fair to their comrades to waste a moment's care. Here each man is dying his own death, as different from that of his neighbor as his life has been. Some fail gently, falling asleep like tired children; and for some the hand of time is turned back, and it is given them to live one moment before they go in the vanished yesterday. These are babbling the dear names which with the passing of time have become unfamiliar, and their faces grow soft as they hear again the voices for which they have listened in vain and see again the faces that passed beyond their ken long ago. And some there are who struggle, who moan piteously and cry aloud, and shrinking back from the great transformation, die the terrible death of conscious agony. God speed them to the bourne toward which they sail, and spare us the death of conscious agony. . . . To His beloved He giveth sleep and beauty which is not all of this world; as they lie there so calmly, with arms crossed, a strange light falls upon their upturned faces, out of which, by a process not known to alchemy, all the dross and worldliness have been refined. No, it is not the moonlight, but the pale reflection of those beacons which they alone who are dying there can see.

Now and again a rough soldier, heavily booted and bearded like the pard, but softened by the scenes of suffering that surround him into the most tender of nurses, picks his way carefully in and out among the rows of the dying, pouring upon their parched lips the precious drops of water, and mopping from the cold foreheads great beads of perspiration with a sponge steeped in alcohol and vinegar, which gives them the strength to manfully bear the pangs of dissolution. Now and again you are aroused by the steady tramp of the burying detail, and you see the sergeant as he passes down the line, throwing the light of his lantern upon the white marble faces and quietly bidding his men to carry away those human shells from which the brave souls have fled even while you stand there and wonder, so near to, and yet so far from the understanding of, the mystery of life and death.

AN ENGINEER'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

By John A. Hill,

Author of "The Polar Zone," "Jim Wainwright's Kid," and other stories.

IN the summer, fall, and early winter of 1863, I was tossing chips into an old Hinkley insider up in New England, for an engineer by the name of James Dillon. Dillon was considered as good a man as there was on the road: careful, yet fearless, kind-hearted, yet impulsive, a man whose friends would fight for him and whose enemies hated him right royally.

Dillon took a great notion to me, and I loved him as a father: the fact of the matter is, he was more of a father to me than I had at home, for my father refused to be comforted when I took to railroading, and I could not see him more than two or three times a year at the most—so when I wanted advice I went to Jim.

I was a young fellow then, and being without a home at either end of the run, was likely to drop into pitfalls. Dillon saw this long before I did. Before I had been with him three months, he told me one day, coming in, that it was against his principles to teach locomotive-running to a young man who was likely to turn out a drunkard or gambler and disgrace the profession, and he added that I had better pack up my duds and come up to his house and let "mother" take care of me—and I went.

"'Jack, now there's comfort.'"

I was not a guest there: I paid my room-rent and board just as I should have done anywhere else, but I had all the comforts of a home, and enjoyed a thousand advantages that money could not buy. I told Mrs. Dillon all my troubles, and found kindly sympathy and advice; she encouraged me in all my ambitions, mended my shirts, and went with me when I bought my clothes. Inside of a month, I felt like one of the family, called Mrs. Dillon "mother," and blessed my lucky stars that I had found them.

Dillon had run a good many years, and was heartily tired of it, and he seldom passed a nice farm that he did not call my attention to it, saying: "Jack, now there's comfort; you just wait a couple of years—I've got my eye on the slickest little place, just on the edge of M——, that I am saving up my pile to buy. I'll give you the 'Roger William' one of these days, Jack, say good evening to grief, and me and mother will take comfort. Think of sleeping till eight o'clock,—and no poor steamers, Jack, no poor steamers!" And he would reach over, and give my head a gentle duck as I tried to pitch a curve to a front corner with a knot: those Hinkleys were powerful on cold water.

In Dillon's household there was a "system" of financial management. He always gave his wife just half of what he earned; kept ten dollars for his own expenses during the

month, out of which he clothed himself; and put the remainder in the bank. It was before the days of high wages, however, and even with this frugal management, the bank account did not grow rapidly. They owned the house in which they lived, and out of her half "mother" had to pay all the household expenses and taxes, clothe herself and two children, and send the children to school. The oldest, a girl of some sixteen years, was away at normal school, and the boy, about thirteen or fourteen, was at home, going to the public school and wearing out more clothes than all the rest of the family.

Dillon told me that they had agreed on the financial plan followed in the family before their marriage, and he used to say that for the life of him he did not see how "mother" got along so well on the allowance. When he drew a small month's pay he would say to me, as we walked home: "No cream in the coffee this month, Jack." If it was unusually large, he would say: "Plum duff and fried chicken for a Sunday dinner." He insisted that he could detect the rate of his pay in the food, but this was not true—it was his kind of fun. "Mother" and I were fast friends. She became my banker, and when I wanted an extra dollar, I had to ask her for it and tell what I wanted it for, and all that.

Along late in November, Jim had to make an extra one night on another engine, which left me at home alone with "mother" and the boy—I had never seen the girl—and after swearing me to be both deaf, dumb, and blind, "mother" told me a secret. For ten years she had been saving money out of her allowance, until the amount now reached nearly $2,000. She knew of Jim's life ambition to own a farm, and she had the matter in hand, if I would help her. Of course I was head over heels into the scheme at once. She wanted to buy the farm near M——, and give Jim the deed for a Christmas present; and Jim mustn't even suspect.

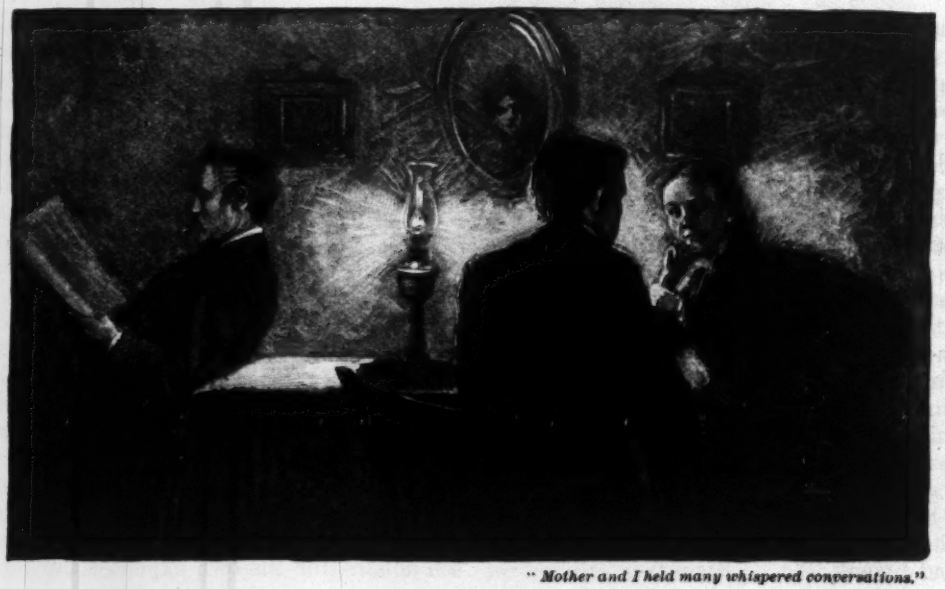
Jim never did.

The next trip I had to buy some underclothes: would "mother" tell me how to pick out pure wool? Why, bless your heart, no, she wouldn't, but she'd just put on her things and go down with me. Jim smoked and read at home.

We went straight to the bank where Jim kept his money, asked for the president, and let him into the whole plan. Would he take $2,100 out of Jim's money, unbeknown to Jim, and pay the balance of the price of the farm over what "mother" had?

No, he would not; but he would advance the money for the purpose—have the deeds sent to him, and he would pay the price—that was fixed.

Then I hatched up an excuse and changed off with the fireman on the M—— branch, and spent the best part of two lay-overs fixing up things with the owner of the farm and arranging to hold back the recording of the deeds until after Christmas. Every evening there was some part of the project to be talked over, and "mother" and I held many whispered conversations. Once Jim, smiling, observed that, if I had any hair on my face, he would be jealous.



"Mother and I held many whispered conversations."

"'Goddess of Liberty pretty near got her throat cut there . . .' said Jim."

I remember that it was on the 14th day of December, 1863, that pay-day came. I banked my money with "mother," and Jim, as usual, counted out his half to that dear old financier.

"Uncle Sam'd better put that 'un in the hospital," observed Jim, as he came to a ragged ten-dollar bill. "Goddess of Liberty pretty near got her throat cut there; guess some reb has had hold of her," he continued, as he held up the bill. Then laying it down, he took out his pocket-book and cut off a little three-cornered strip of pink court-plaster, and made repairs on the bill.

"Mother" pocketed her money greedily, and before an hour I had that very bill in my pocket to pay the recording fees in the court-house at M——.

The next day Jim wanted to use more money than he had in his pocket, and asked me to lend him a dollar. As I opened my wallet to oblige him, that patched bill showed up. Jim put his finger on it, and then turning me around towards him, he said: "How came you by that?"

I turned red—I know I did—but I said, cool enough, "'Mother' gave it to me in change."

"That's a lie," he said, and turned away.

The next day we were more than two-thirds of the way home before he spoke; then, as I straightened up after a fire, he said: "John Alexander, when we get in, you go to Aleck [the foreman] and get changed to some other engine."

There was a queer look on his face; it was not anger, it was not sorrow—it was more like pain. I looked the man straight in the eye, and said: "All right, Jim; it shall be as you say—but, so help me God, I don't know what for. If you will tell me what I have done that is wrong, I will not make the same mistake with the next man I fire for."

He looked away from me, reached over and started the pump, and said: "Don't you know?"

"No, sir, I have not the slightest idea."

"Then you stay, and I'll change," said he, with a determined look, and leaned out of the window, and said no more all the way in.

I did not go home that day. I cleaned the "Roger William" from the top of that mountain of sheet-iron known as a wood-burner stack to the back casting on the tank, and tried to think what I had done wrong, or not done at all, to incur such displeasure from Dillon. He was in bed when I went to the house that evening, and I did not see him until breakfast. He was in his usual spirits there, but on the way to the station, and all day long, he did not speak to me. He noticed the extra cleaning, and carefully avoided tarnishing any of the cab-fittings;—but that awful quiet! I could hardly bear it, and was half sick at the trouble, the cause of which I could not understand. I thought that, if the patched bill had anything to do with it, Christmas morning would clear it up.

Our return trip was the night express, leaving the terminus at 9.30. As usual,

that night I got the engine out, oiled, switched out the cars, and took the train to the station, trimmed my signals and headlight, and was all ready for Jim to pull out. Nine o'clock came, and no Jim; at 9.10 I sent to his boarding-house. He had not been there. He did not come at leaving time—he did not come at all. At ten o'clock the conductor sent to the engine-house for another engineer, and at 10.45, instead of an engineer, a fireman came, with orders for John Alexander to run the "Roger William" until further orders, — I never fired a locomotive again.

"'How came you by that?'"

I went over that road the saddest-hearted man that ever made a maiden trip. I hoped there would be some tidings of Jim at home—there were none. I can never forget the blow it was to "mother"; how she braced up on account of her children—but oh, that sad face! Christmas came, and with it the daughter, and then there were two instead of one: the boy was frantic the first day, and playing marbles the next.

Christmas day there came a letter. It was from Jim—brief and cold enough—but it was such a comfort to "mother." It was directed to Mary J. Dillon, and bore the New York post-mark. It read:

"Uncle Sam is in need of men, and those who lose with Venus may win with Mars. Enclosed papers you will know best what to do with. Be a mother to the children—you have *three* of them.

"JAMES DILLON."

He underscored the three—he was a mystery to me. Poor "mother"! She declared that no doubt "poor James's head was affected." The papers with the letter were a will, leaving her all, and a power of attorney, allowing her to dispose of or use the money in the bank. Not a line of endearment or love for that faithful heart that lived on love, asked only for love, and cared for little else.

That Christmas was a day of fasting and prayer for us. Many letters did we send, many advertisements were printed, but we never got a word from James Dillon, and Uncle Sam's army was too big to hunt in. We were a changed family: quieter and more tender of one another's feelings, but changed.

In the fall of '64 they changed the runs around, and I was booked to run in to M——. Ed, the boy, was firing for me. There was no reason why "mother" should stay in Boston, and we moved out to the little farm. That daughter, who was a second "mother" all over, used to come down to meet us at the station with the horse, and I talked "sweet" to her; yet at a certain point in the sweetness I became dumb.

Along in May, '65, "mother" got a package from Washington. It contained a tintype of herself; a card with a hole in it (made evidently by having been forced over a button), on which was her name and the old address in town; then there was a ring and a saber, and on the blade of the saber was etched, "Presented to Lieutenant Jas. Dillon, for bravery on the field of battle." At the bottom of the parcel was a note in a strange hand, saying simply, "Found on the body of Lieutenant Dillon after the battle of Five Forks."

Poor "mother"! Her heart was wrung again, and again the scalding tears fell. She never told her suffering, and no one ever knew what she bore. Her face was a little sadder and sweeter, her hair a little whiter—that was all.

I am not a bit superstitious—don't believe in signs or presentiments or prenothings—but when I went to get my pay on the 14th day of December, 1866, it gave me a little start to find in it the bill bearing the chromo of the Goddess of Liberty with the little three-cornered piece of court-plaster that Dillon had put on her windpipe. I got rid of it at once, and said nothing to "mother" about it; but I kept thinking of it and seeing it all the next day and night.

On the night of the 16th, I was oiling around my Black Maria to take out a local leaving our western terminus just after dark, when a tall, slim old gentleman stepped up to me and asked if I was the engineer. I don't suppose I looked like the president: I confessed, and held up my torch, so I could see his face—a pretty tough-looking face. The white mustache was one of that military kind, reinforced with whiskers on the right and left flank of the mustache proper. He wore glasses, and one of the lights was ground glass. The right cheek-bone was crushed in, and a red scar extended across the eye and cheek; the scar looked blue around the red line because of the cold.

". . . And held up my torch, so I could see his face."

"I used to be an engineer before the war," said he. "Do you go to Boston?"

"No, to M——."

"M——! I thought that was on a branch."

"It is, but is now an important manufacturing point, with regular trains from there to each end of the main line."

"When can I get to Boston?"

"Not till Monday now; we run no through Sunday trains. You can go to M—— with me to-night, and catch a local to Boston in the morning."

He thought a minute, and then said, "Well, yes; guess I had better. How is it for a ride?"

"Good; just tell the conductor that I told you to get on."

"Thanks; that's clever. I used to know a soldier who used to run up in this country," said the stranger, musing. "Dillon; that's it, Dillon."

"I knew him well," said I. "I want to hear about him."

"Queer man," said he, and I noticed he was eying me pretty sharp.

"A good engineer."

"Perhaps," said he.

I coaxed the old veteran to ride on the engine—the first coal-burner I had had. He seemed more than glad to comply. Ed was as black as a negro, and swearing about coal-burners in general and this one in particular, and made so much noise with his fire-irons after we started, that the old man came over and sat behind me, so as to be able to talk.

The first time I looked around after getting out of the yard, I noticed his long slim hand on the top of the reverse-lever. Did you ever notice how it seems to make an ex-engineer feel better and more satisfied to get his hand on a reverse-lever and feel the life-throbs of the great giant under him? Why, his hand goes there by instinct—just as an ambulance surgeon will feel for the heart of the boy with a broken leg.

I asked the stranger to "give her a whirl," and noticed with what eager joy he took hold of her. I also observed with surprise that he seemed to know all about "four-mile hill," where most new men got stuck. He caught me looking at his face, and touching the scar, remarked: "A little love pat,

with the compliments of Wade Hampton's men." We talked on a good many subjects, and got pretty well acquainted before we were over the division, but at last we seemed talked out.

"Where does Dillon's folks live now?" asked the stranger, slowly, after a time.

"M——," said I.

He nearly jumped off the box. "M——? I thought it was Boston!"

"Moved to M——."

"What for?"

"Own a farm there."

"Oh, I see; married again?"

"No."

"No!"

"Widow thought too much of Jim for that."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Er—what became of the young man that they—er—adopted?"

"Lives with 'em yet."

"So?"

Just then we struck the suburbs of M——, and, as we passed the cemetery, I pointed to a high shaft, and said: "Dillon's monument."

"Why, how's that?"

"Killed at Five Forks. Widow put up monument."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and peered through the moonlight for a minute.

"That's clever," was all he said.

I insisted that he go home with me. Ed took the Black Maria to the house, and we took the street cars for it to the end of the line, and then walked. As we cleaned our feet at the door, I said: "Let me see, I did not hear your name?"

"James," said he, "Mr. James."

I opened the sitting-room door, and ushered the stranger in.

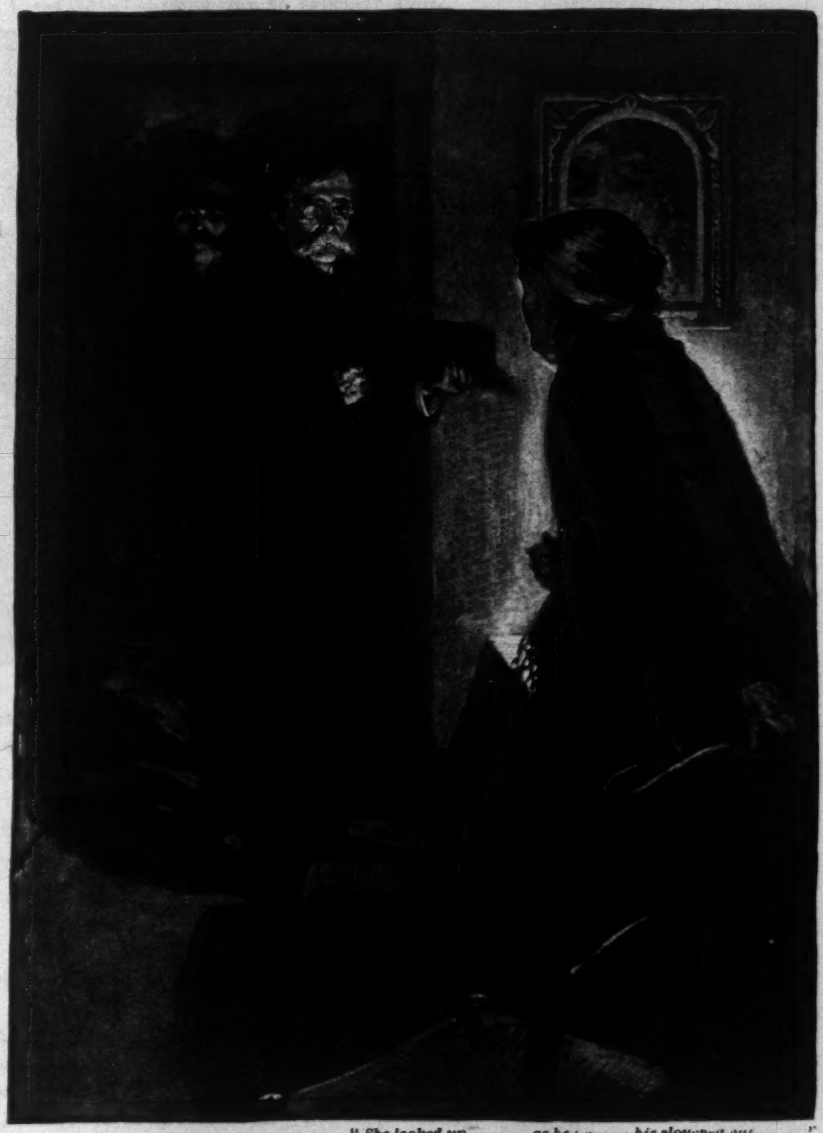
"Well, boys," said "mother," slowly getting up from before the fire and hurriedly taking a few extra stitches in her knitting before laying it down to look up at us, "you're early."

She looked up, not ten feet from the stranger, as he took off his slouched hat and brushed back the white hair. In another minute her arms were around his neck, and she was murmuring "James" in his ear, and I, like a dumb fool, wondered who told her his name.

Well, to make a long story short, it was James Dillon himself, and the daughter came in, and Ed came, and between the three they nearly smothered the old fellow.

You may think it funny he didn't know me, but don't forget

"I noticed his long slim hand on the top of the reverse-lever."



"She looked up . . . as he [illegible] his slouched hat . . ."

that I had been running for three years—that takes the fresh off a fellow; then, when I had the typhoid, my hair laid off, and was never reinstated, and when I got well, the whiskers — that had always refused to grow—came on with a rush, and they were red. And again, I had tried to switch with an old hook-motion in the night and forgot to take out the starting-bar, and she threw it at me, knocking out some teeth; and taking it altogether, I was a changed man.

"Where's John?" he said finally.

"Here," said I.

"No!"

"Yes."

He took my hand, and said, "John, I left all that was dear to me once, because I was jealous of you. I never knew how you came to have that money or why, and don't want to. Forgive me."

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said "mother."

"I had it to buy this farm for you—a Christmas present—if you had waited," said I.

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said he.

"And you might have been shot," said "mother," getting up close.

"I tried my darndest to be. That's why I got promoted so fast."

"Oh, James!" and her arms were around his neck again.

"And I sent that saber home myself, never intending to come back."

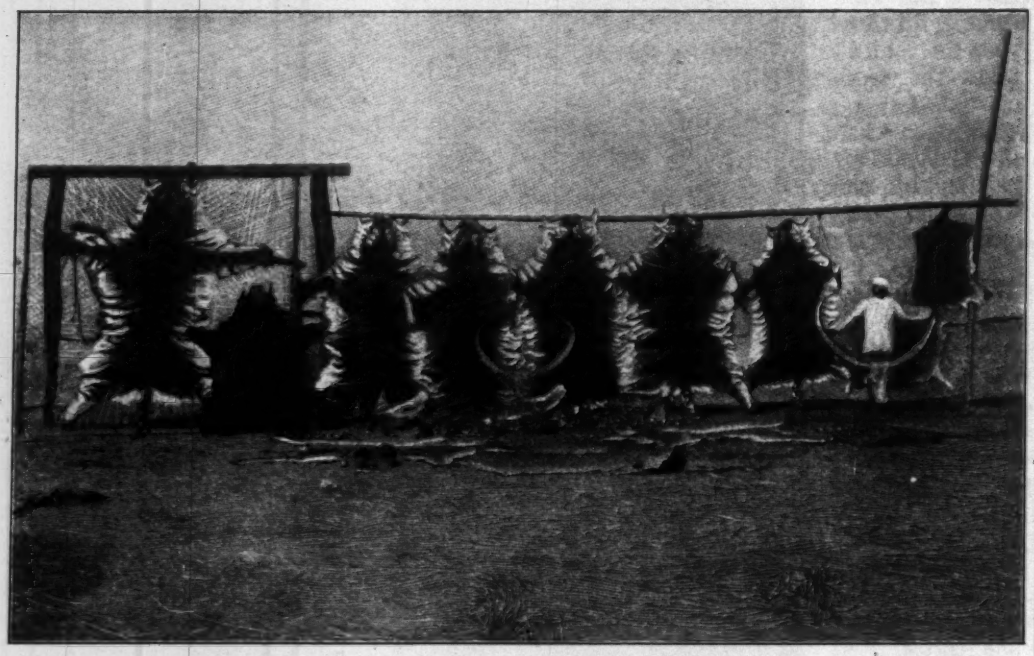
"Oh, James, how could you!"

"Mother, how can you forgive me?"

"Mother" was still for a minute, looking at the fire in the grate. "James, it is late in life to apply such tests, but love is like gold; ours will be better now—the dross has been burned away in the fire. I did what I did for love of you, and you did what you did for love of me; let us all commence to live again in the old way," and those arms of hers could not keep away from his neck.

Ed went out with tears in his eyes, and I beckoned the daughter to follow me. We passed into the parlor, drew the curtain over the doorway—and there was nothing but that rag between us and heaven.

SOME TROPHIES OF THE HUNT.



HUNTING ON ELEPHANTS.

STORIES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A FAMOUS HUNTER OF BIG GAME.

By Cleveland Moffett.

Illustrated from photographs taken by Peter Burges, Esq., whose experiences the article relates.

THE walls bristled with great horned heads of the Indian buffalo; the floors were spread with tiger skins, bear skins, leopard skins; and from opposite sides of the hall, like ugly sentinels, looked down two skulls of the rhinoceros, most formidable beast of the jungle. This was the home of a quiet English gentleman, Peter Burges, Esq., of Bristol, known nevertheless in India, where the big-bore rifles crack, as a sportsman whose nerve fails him not when the tiger springs and whose gun comes up steady to the rhino's rush. I noticed that there were no lion skins about.

"No," said Mr. Burges, "you can't shoot lions from elephants; most of my trophies have been won in the howdah."

So we talked about going after big game on the back of a lurching pachyderm, as they do it in the tall grass region north of Calcutta.

"People have no conception," continued Mr. Burges, "of the height and thickness of this grass. I have seen it stretching for miles thirty or forty feet high, a dense forest of grass covering the plain. When the beating line goes through it, everything is swallowed up, elephants, howdahs, riders; from a little distance you see only a swaying of the tops. If a man were dropped into this sea of grass, he would certainly die there; he could never force his way out, for the stems of the grass are as thick as saplings, and stand very close together. I went down into it once off my elephant, and the darkness was like the blackest night. I could not even see the sky overhead for the thick interlacing of shoots and leaves. These pictures will give you a slight idea of the character of the grass, but of course I could get no results with my camera in the densest part. This one shows a patch of wild banana

rising well over the head of a native standing on a moving elephant, and this one just shows the top of an elephant's pad-saddle with shoots reaching twenty feet above it."

"Do you find tiger and rhino in this grass?"

"They sometimes rush by us in tunnels far below our level, but we cannot see them, nor even be sure what animal is passing. It is a law of the beat never to fire in the high grass, for a sportsman might shoot one of his own elephants that had bolted. That has actually happened where a new man has lost his head."

"Then where do you get the big game?"

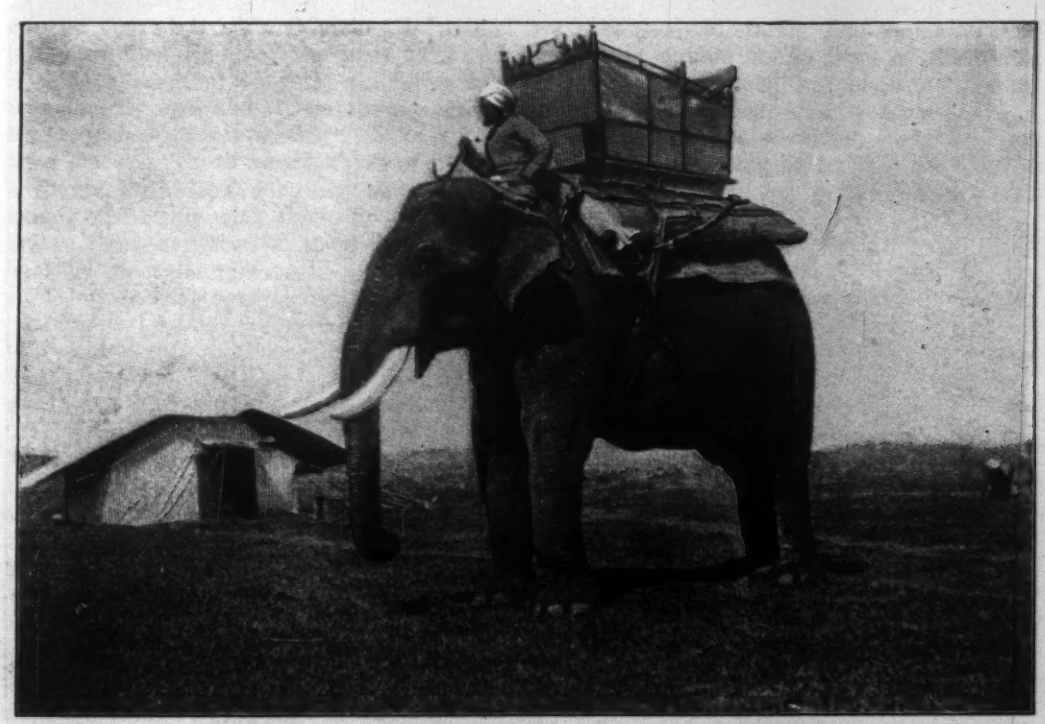
"Nearly always in green patches along a stream or nullah. In dry months the natives burn off the high grass, so that their cattle can get at the tender sprouts as they come up. But the moist ground along the streams keeps the grass there so wet that it will not burn, and this leaves the tigers the very place of shelter they desire, with water to drink and cattle to kill close at hand. So when the *shikaris*, that is, the native trackers, bring word to camp of tiger killings in this or that village, we beat the banks of the nearest stream, and usually drive out something."

THE KIND OF ELEPHANTS USED IN THE HUNT.

"How many elephants are used in a beat?"

"Forty or fifty, besides the big ones that carry the howdahs and the guns. When you remember that each elephant is worth from $375 to $2,500 and costs about four rupees [about $1.20] a day for keep, you will see that this kind of sport takes a long purse; indeed, it is scarcely possible for a traveler to engage in it unless he be the guest, as I have always been, of one of the rajahs. We usually went into camp with fifty or sixty elephants, each having its own "mahout" to drive it and its own "matey" to feed and take care of it. Then there are the rajah and his personal servants, the invited guns, each with his own servant, and a corps of cooks, waiters, attendants, and water-carriers; so that, in tents and huts, we were usually quite a hundred and fifty men.

"I will give you an outline, if you like, of a typical day's sport, going back to the 1896 season, when I was with the Rajah of Kuch Behar, up under the hills of Northeastern India. We were six guns in all, mounted on five elephants. Mine was Bheim Singh, and he would go in anywhere, although he was a



THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANT "INDRAJIT," KING OF THE HERD.

The mahout's position on the elephant's head, with his legs hidden behind the ears, his feet in the stirrups, and in his hand the gunga-bar for prodding the elephant, is well shown.

rough-moving beast. The Rajah was mounted on Indrajit, a splendid heavy tusker, king of the herd, and worth $3,500 in the market. I may say that a certain amount of discretion is shown in assigning elephants to the guns, for a bad shot is apt to let a tiger get at his elephant, which means that the animal may be injured in the trunk and ruined for hunting. You see an elephant's trunk is everything to him; he eats and drinks with it, he fights with it, and if it is disabled, he pines and dies. Two or three clawings by a tiger will spoil even the best elephant for sport; he loses his nerve. The result is that many an uncertain gun has gone through the season lamenting that his mahout 'couldn't get the brute forward," when it was really a case of the mahout having excellent reasons for keeping at a safe distance. It's all very fine for the man in the howdah to talk about danger, but the chap who has to look out for his skin is the poor devil of a mahout up forward.

"Well, suppose we are starting now from camp some time after sunrise—the hour of starting depends on the distance to the place where a kill has been reported. Our object is to come upon the tiger at about ten or eleven o'clock, when he is lying in the grass gorged with a heavy meal. An hour or two before we start the howdah elephants have been loaded and sent on ahead, for they travel more slowly than the lighter pad elephants, that carry the guns. How many times as the day was breaking have I watched this process of making fast the howdahs, the great beasts kneeling in silent line before the tents and the nimble-footed natives scrambling over them. Usually it takes four men to get the howdah in place, for the frame is of heavy teak wood and weighs four or five hundred pounds. The howdah has cane sides, but is open at the bottom, and rests on two long roller pads that are strapped on at either side of the backbone. When you shoot from the howdah, you stand on these pads, with a foot on each, and if you look down between them, you can see the elephant's black skin working underneath you. When you sit in the howdah, you rest on a box with your back against a leather strap. In harnessing an elephant the tail girth is usually passed through a piece of iron pipe, laid under the tail, to prevent chafing.

"With breakfast over, and time for a bit of smoke, we climb up on the pad elephants, mounting by head or tail as each man prefers. I always liked the trick of stepping

WASHING THE SINGLE-TUSKERS.

The single-tuskers are regarded by the natives as sacred animals. One of the Indian gods is represented in the form of a single-tusk elephant.

HOWDAH ELEPHANTS GOING AHEAD TO THE PLACE OF BEATING.

The sportsmen come later, on smaller pad elephants, thus allowing the big tuskers to reserve their strength for the hunt proper. On the foremost elephant is seen one of the mahouts standing and stamping his foot in characteristic fashion.

on the curved trunk and letting the animal swing me up. Some of the pads have guddies on them, that is, little platforms with iron guards fore and aft for the passengers to hang fast to going down banks or over hard places. There we sit, three or four on a guddy, with legs dangling, and the line moves off briskly with thirty or forty beaters in the rear, most of them driven bareback by the agile mahouts."

"How do they control the elephants?"

"Partly by talking to them, partly with the gunga-bar, a sharp iron rod with a blade like a reaping-hook, curving out from one side; it weighs seven or eight pounds, and is a frightful weapon. In ordinary going, the mahouts merely jab the sharp end of this an inch or so into the elephant's head, but at critical moments they swing the hooked blade down with all their might and then haul back hard against the flesh. It is not a pleasant sight, but the animal usually finishes by behaving."

A HUNTING ELEPHANT'S REVENGE ON HIS KEEPER.

"That reminds me of an exciting thing that happened in camp one morning just as we were ready to start. The elephants were ranged in double line in front of the tents, and Ashton, the head keeper, was standing with his back turned, about ten yards ahead of Kennedy, a big elephant that had been nursing a slumbering hatred against him for a long time. Kennedy's mahout got down to fix a strap on the pad, and that gave Kennedy the opportunity he had been waiting for. A shout from the men warned Ashton of his danger, and, turning quickly, he saw Kennedy coming at him with trunk stretched out in a straight line and as much diabolical hatred in his little eyes as an elephant's eye can show. Kennedy meant murder; there was no doubt about that; and Ashton did the only thing possible—that is, started on a dead run for a banyan tree about one hundred yards distant.

"Down the line came Ashton, sprinting for all there was in him, and after him came Kennedy with a lumbering shuffle, but getting over the ground surprisingly. There was no time for help; all we could do was to stand and stare and wonder whether Ashton would reach the tree before Kennedy reached him. For about twenty yards Ashton kept his advantage, and then suddenly went headlong in the dust, his toe

caught in some knotted grass. I turned my head with a sickening feeling, but those who looked say that Kennedy was confused by this happening and lunged clumsily at Ashton, missing him with his tusks, and then tried to trample him with his big feet. His momentum, however, was so great that he stumbled over him with his fore feet, missed him with one of his hind feet, caught him a glancing kick on the abdomen with the other hind foot, and then lurched onward in a cloud of dust. Before he could turn, several mahouts had driven their elephants in between him and Ashton. Then we saw Ashton rise upright, his clothes covered with blood, stagger a few yards, fall headlong, and lie quite still. We thought he was dead, but it proved that he was not seriously injured, the elephant's foot having merely grazed him. Until his last hour comes, though, he will never be nearer death than he was at that moment.

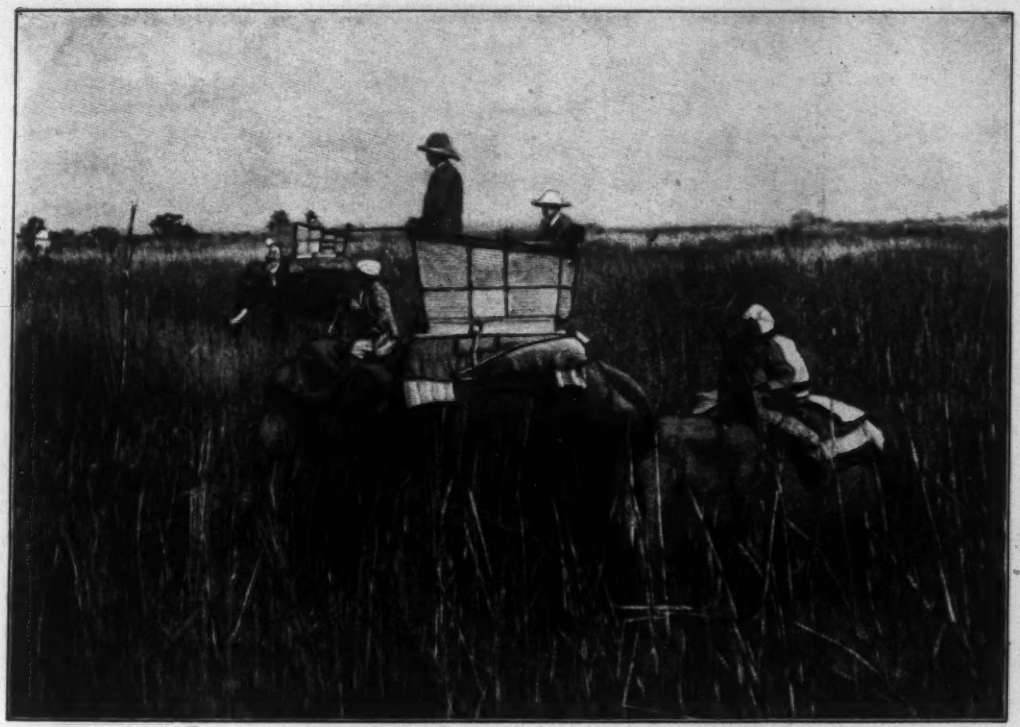
"When it was all over, the Rajah came up in a great rage and scored the mahout unmercifully for leaving his seat. And then he told him to take Kennedy into the open and give old Indrajit a chance at him. It was Indrajit's prerogative, as king of the herd, to punish refractory elephants, and he took uncommon pleasure in it. There was no elephant of them all that dared stand before Indrajit, for not only was he heavier and stronger than the others, but his tusks were longer and sharper. Round and round in the open went Kennedy, plunging and struggling under the blows of the angry mahout, who dug in his gunga-bar until the blood streamed. Then up came Indrajit slowly, as a cat stalks a mouse, to make the pleasure last. When Kennedy saw him, he lifted his trunk and trumpeted in terror, but he stood quite still, as if fascinated, and watched the slow approach of Indrajit.

"Step by step the big tusker came nearer, eying Kennedy pleasantly, as if to say, 'I shall be having some fun with you in a moment, my friend.' And at five yards he charged, and sent his tusks into Kennedy's flank a good six inches; and when he took them out, there were holes there as if cannon balls had gone in. Then Kennedy ran, and Indrajit after him, and the two mahouts gone mad. It was a hard race, but Kennedy lost in the end and got another prodding, after which they took the big fellow off and left Kennedy bellowing.

"'Starve him for two days,' said the Rajah to the mahout, 'and then put him to

THE BEATING LINE GOING THROUGH A PATCH OF WILD BANANAS.

The elephants invariably pull up a supply of the sweet cane and carry it on with them for eating by the way.



THE BEATING LINE MOVING THROUGH SHORT GRASS.

The picture shows the customary position of a tiger hunter, standing on the pads, holding the front of the howdah with his left hand and the stock of his rifle with his right. The howdah in the foreground is a double one; but only one man can shoot from it, the second man being merely a passenger. The mahout is seen jabbing the gunga-bar into the elephant's head.

work again. Now, gentlemen, on your elephants please.'

"In spite of this constant punishment with the gunga-bars, the elephants suffer little real injury at the hands of the mahouts. Their great heads are made up of soft bony tissue which may be shot through by rifle balls in all directions without harm unless the bullet happens to strike the brain, which is very small, about the size of a saucer.

HOW THE ELEPHANTS UNDERSTAND WHEN SPOKEN TO.

"I said just now that the mahouts direct the elephants partly by talking to them, and this is true to an extent that has made me believe the animals must actually understand spoken words. For instance, it has happened more than once that I have dropped a cartridge into the deep grass and told the mahout to get it for me. In such cases, the mahout stops his elephant and tells him to pick up the cartridge. The elephant swings his trunk to the ground, moves it to one side and the other, as the mahout directs —'No, you silly—to the right—further back—no, to the left—there, now you've got it.' And, finally, up curves the elephant's trunk with the cartridge.

"It used to be a source of endless amusement to me, while lurching along on an elephant's back, to notice the various tricks and peculiarities of the big animals. For instance, they are always eating, and in going through a plantation of wild bananas, Bheim Singh never failed to tear up a great stock, with the sweet sap streaming from it, as a provision for a half hour's sucking in less fruitful regions. Then again, how often have I seen Bheim Singh reach down his trunk, take a half hitch round a tuft of grass, draw it out by the roots, and tipping up his big fore foot, carefully knock the earth off, before putting the grass into his mouth. Then, when elephant flies were swarming, I was always amused to watch Bheim Singh's favorite manœuver for getting rid of them. He would heap up a little mound of dust with his fore feet, lay the end of his trunk beside it on the ground, and with a slow movement fill his trunk with dust. Then, very slyly, so that the flies might have no warning, he would curve his

THE LOADING OF THE GAME.

The bodies of the slain tigers are sent back to camp on pad elephants to be skinned.

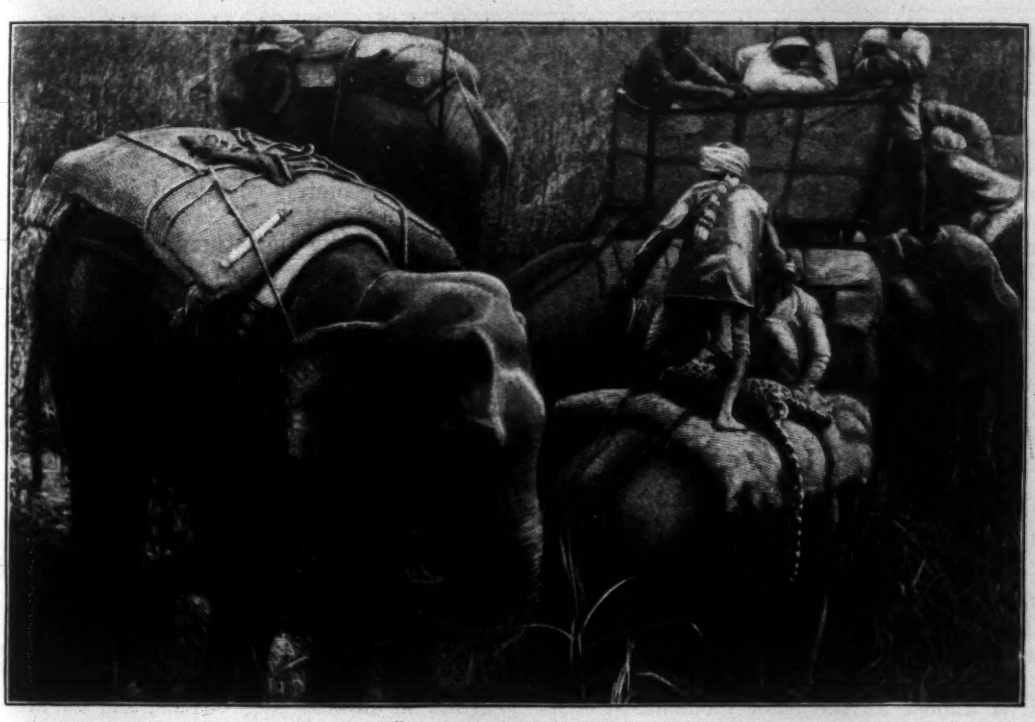
trunk around until it was within good range, pause a moment to take air, and, with a great *Pheugh*, send a blinding shower of dust all over himself, to the utter discomfiture of the flies.

"This annoyance of the flies keeps the elephants swinging their tails incessantly, and a new man will not ride many miles on a guddy without getting such a crack from the elephant's tail as will make him think that a heavy club has hit him over the shins. I never had any great respect for an elephant's tail before I rode on a guddy, but painful experience made me change my views, and I learned to keep my legs out of striking distance.

CROSSING A RIVER ON AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

"It is a great sight to see a line of elephants crossing a river with steep banks. They go down slowly, striking the ground with their trunks before each step and never making a slip or miss, although you feel every minute as if you were going to take a header into the water. Then they wade or swim, as the case may be, and they swim beautifully, not hesitating to cross half a mile of deep water if need be. I must say, however, that the sensation of sitting on the back of a swimming elephant is the reverse of pleasant; you fancy yourself on an enormous barrel that may roll round at any moment and take you under. Furthermore, they swim so low in the water that you are sure of a wetting, which in India means an excellent chance of fever. Having crossed the stream, they must climb to the top of the bank, and this is the most peculiar operation of all. Down on their knees they go, and with trunk and tusks dig out a foothold for themselves, and so, step by step, work their way to the top, their position being sometimes about that of a fly climbing up a wall. As they reach the top, they give a lurch sideways, and shoot one leg straight out over the bank, give a lurch to the other side and shoot out the other leg in the same way, which brings them into the position of a boy hanging by his arms from the edge of a roof. Then they come to their knees, and finally, with a great scrambling and kicking of hind legs, bring themselves to level ground again.

"In spite of these perilous ascents and descents, I never knew an elephant to miss his foothold, although there was a case where one of the herd got stuck in the mud and



"PADDING" A LEOPARD ON A SMALL ELEPHANT.

sank gradually deeper and deeper until only his head and part of his back could be seen. The elephant thus engulfed was Kennedy, the same that tried to kill Ashton. The Rajah ordered ten other elephants brought up, and they were hitched to the unfortunate Kennedy, and by pulling together at a given word, brought their bellowing comrade out of the mud with a plomp like the pop of a thousand-ton cork.

TAKING POSITION TO RECEIVE THE TIGER.

"So with chatting and jolting and tails swinging and elephants lunching by the way, we reach the point where the howdah elephants are waiting; where the tigers and rhinos are waiting also, let us hope. First, we take our places in our respective howdahs, stepping up to them from the backs of the pad elephants. The ammunition box is before us, strapped to the front, with ready cartridges. At right and left, with muzzles fixed in the rests, are the guns, an eight-bore elephant rifle for rhinos and buffalo, a twelve-bore tiger gun; two express rifles, large and small, for deer, and a shotgun for small game—partridges, bustard, etc.—when beating home lazily at night.

"The place of beating reached, there follows a consultation as to stationing the guns, and the Rajah's secretary passes a hat around and lets us draw slips for positions. In beating up a tiger in a nullah, guns are stationed in a U on either bank, while two guns come on with the beating elephants, flanking the line in case the tiger breaks back. And one gun is placed at the head of the drive—that is, at the opening of the U—where he will have a clear shot at the tiger if he breaks into the ravine from the grass on either side.

"Now the waiting guns hold themselves ready, while the beating elephants move up the two banks of the nullah. Every man stands on the pads, holding his heavy rifle by the breech, while the barrel rests on the howdah. What a tension of suspense for an untried hand! How a man looks to his guns, and plans what he will do when the tiger springs, and prays that his nerve may not fail him. The beaters come on and on, nearer and nearer, and still nothing stirs. Word comes from the Rajah to close in from all sides. Only a little bit of grass remains, and the guns are all about it. There may be a tiger lurking there; there may be nothing. We have sometimes drawn in so close that the space at the center was not larger than this room, and we could touch guns from one elephant to another. And up to the very last the tiger made no sign. We

could tell, though, by the trumpeting of the elephants that we were coming on big game.

"And then suddenly, from behind you or before you, sounds the quick *oof, oof, oof,* the barking of the tiger at bay, a terrifying sound that the sportsman does not forget, quite different from the long tiger roar heard in the Zoo. And then a tawny body streaks the air, and the tiger is on you, and you must act. How the bullets fly—*vrtt, vrtt, vrtt*—one gun, two guns, sometimes four or five guns firing almost at the same moment! And you hit the tiger or you do not, and if yours is the first bullet to touch him yours is the trophy, no matter who makes the kill. And this is the law for leopards, too; but not for buffaloes and rhinos; there it is the gun finally downing the beast that gets him. And great are the arguments over a tiger's dead body to decide the question of proprietorship. In all such cases of dispute, the Rajah sits as a court of last appeal and weighs out justice impartially.

"I remember a case where five of us had fired almost at the same moment, at short range, and four of us had missed; a single fortunate bullet had shattered a great hole in the foreshoulder and laid the tiger low. The question was, Who fired that bullet? The Rajah ordered the skin taken off at once and the bullet given to him. Then calling us about him, he said, smiling: 'Mr. Burges, do you think you killed the tiger?'

"'Yes, I do,' said I.

"'Mr. P——, do you think you killed this tiger?'

"'I am absolutely certain of it,' he answered.

"And so spoke the others. Perhaps it is not quite modest of me to tell of my own triumph, but I was proud enough of it at the time, for the bullet in the Rajah's hand came from a twelve-bore Paradox rifle, and that was the one I had used. You saw the skin just now in the library.

"Speaking of skinning tigers, here is a photograph that is interesting [reproduced on page 145]. It shows a swarm of vultures hovering over the stripped bones of a tiger's carcass given them only ten minutes before the photograph was taken, and in that time cleaned of every shred of flesh. It is most remarkable how these carrion birds arrive almost before an animal's skin has been taken off. They soar at great heights, in intersecting circles, and so are able to cover with their telescopic eyes a wide range of country; and as soon as one swoops down another follows, and then another, and then thousands, until it seems to be raining vultures.

ELEPHANTS GATHERING ROUND A RHINOCEROS THAT HAS JUST BEEN SHOT FROM THE HOWDAH.

AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF VULTURES.

These vultures have just finished the feat of stripping, within the space of ten minutes, every shred of flesh from the bones of a tiger's carcass.

"I should have said that the skinning of the game is not done on the spot where the game is killed, but at camp, whither the bodies are immediately sent on pad elephants. The loading of the game on the elephants involves a great hauling and straining of ropes before this is properly accomplished, especially if it be a full-grown tiger, which will weigh from three to five hundred pounds. A few hours later, the skins are stretched in the frames drying in the sun, for there is no time to be lost in so hot a climate."

"Is a tiger hard to hit?" I asked.

"Not particularly; that is, for a man who is handy with his rifle and doesn't get into a funk. But hitting a tiger is not killing him, as many a good sportsman has found out to his cost. The foreshoulder is the only sure place to land, and a tiger is always a flying mark. That is why lion shooting is so much easier, for you simply stalk up to your lion and draw on him at rest from easy range. But there is no drawing on a tiger: it is touch-and-go shooting always. Besides, the tiger is just the color of the ground and the dried grass, and you need a trained eye to see him. I remember one case where a tiger came right past a German prince and the prince never fired, although the mahout screamed 'Marro, marro, sahib,' with all his lungs.

"'Why didn't you shoot?' asked the Rajah afterwards.

"'I was waiting to see him better,' said the prince, 'and I wish that mahout would keep still when I'm trying to aim. What does "marro, marro" mean?'

"'It means "kill, kill," of course.'

"'Ah, I thought perhaps it meant not to shoot,' grumbled the prince, and the Rajah looked disgusted. A gun should know enough Bengalese to understand his mahout."

"What was the most dangerous position you were ever in while tiger-shooting?"

Mr. Burges smiled. "I really believe it was one day when I was flanking the line of beaters driving up a nullah. I was fairly caught between the guns on either bank, and they kept blazing away at a tiger as he darted in and out, and kept missing him. My howdah was just in the line of their bullets, and I couldn't see the tiger to take a hand in the sport, and I couldn't get out of the way. So I crouched down, and listened to the rifle balls singing by."

"Don't the elephants get frightened in a bombardment like that?"

"Sometimes, and then there is danger of their charging into the forest and sweeping off howdah and occupants against the branches. That is when the mahouts show their skill."

We talked next of "rhino" shooting, which, in the opinion of many sportsmen, is even more exciting than tiger shooting.

"Although it was always a rule of the beat," said Mr. Burges, "that all arrangements gave way to news of tiger, there were a number of us, including the Rajah himself, who preferred, by a good deal, the big pigs to the big cats. For one thing, the rhino is much harder to find than the tiger, and much harder to get when found. You see, he is practically invulnerable, and is afraid of nothing. Neither an elephant nor a tiger nor any other beast of the jungle would have the slightest chance against him. There are many elephants that will stand up to a tiger gamely, but the best of them turn tail when a rhino charges. He rips up their legs, you see, with his tusks and his big horn, and the elephants squeal for mercy.

"That is why it is so hard to get a rhino, even when you have him surrounded by the beaters in a big piece of grass (he keeps away from small patches on principle), for his favorite trick is to break back through the driving line, which at once becomes a driven line, and then good-by rhino. As to overtaking him, that is impossible, for he can gallop twice as fast as the best elephant can shuffle. Your only chance is to catch him with a true shot from your elephant gun, either behind the shoulder or in the neck, where the ball cuts the arteries. But that is about as hard a thing to do as there is in sport."

"Do women ever go out for big game?" I asked.

"Occasionally, but I never knew one to do much good. The recoil of the big rifle would almost knock a woman out of the howdah, and if she uses a lighter piece she is sure to go popping away at deer and little things. Of course it is an unpardonable sin, if you are after tiger, to shoot at anything except tiger. I remember one day we took the wife of the German prince along with us, and she spoiled the drive by letting fly at a partridge or something when we were just getting a tiger nicely cornered. She got so excited she didn't know what she was doing, and we lost the tiger. The Rajah was furious."

We talked about many other things connected with big-game shooting, about feeding the elephants and washing them, about watching them come to camp at night laden with fodder for the herd, about native superstitions, etc., but space is wanting to tell of these. The memories of a big-game hunter are an inexhaustible mine of incident.

RUNNING TRAINS BY TELEGRAPH.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.—HOW THE DESPATCHERS DO THEIR WORK.—THE MAKING AND TRANSMITTING OF ORDERS.—AN OLD DESPATCHER'S MISTAKE.—AN OPERATOR WHO LIVED UP TO THE RULES.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, U.S.A.

THE despatcher's office of a big railroad line is one of the most interesting places a man can get into, especially if he is interested in the general working of our great railway systems. It is located at division headquarters or any such other point as makes the despatching of trains and attendant orders of easy accomplishment.

The interior is not as a rule very sumptuous. There is the big counter at one side of the room, on which are the train registers, car record books, message blanks, and forms for various reports. Over against the wall, on one side, is a big blackboard, known as the "call-board." On it is recorded the probable arrival and departure of trains, and the names of their crews; also the time certain crews are to be called. As soon as the train men have completed the work of turning their train over to the yard crew at the end of their run, they are registered in the despatcher's office, and are thereafter liable for duty in their turn. The rule "first in, first out" is supposed to be strictly adhered to in the running of trains.

About the middle of the room, or in the recess of the bay-window, is the despatcher's table. On it, in front of the man on duty, is the train sheet, containing exact information of all trains on his division. There is also a space set apart for the expected arrival of trains on his district from the other end, and one for delays. Loads, empties, everything is there that it is necessary for him to know to properly run the trains on time and with safety. Generally there are two sets of telegraph instruments on the table, one for what is known as the despatcher's wire, over which his sway is absolute, and the other for a wire that is used for messages, reports, and the like, and, in case of emergency, by the despatcher. Mounted on a roll, in front of the train sheet and instruments, is the current time-card of the division. From the information contained therein the despatcher makes all his calculations for time orders, meeting-points, work trains, etc. Across the table from the despatcher sits his "copy operator," whose duty it is to copy everything, thus relieving the despatcher of anything that would tend to disturb him in his work. This copy operator is generally the man next for promotion to a despatcher's trick, and his relations with his chief must be entirely harmonious.

The working force in a well-regulated despatcher's office consists of the chief despatcher, three despatchers, two copy operators, and the various call boys and messengers. The chief despatcher is next to the division superintendent, and has full charge of the office. He has supervision of the yard reports and of the ordering out of trains and crews. He has charge of all the operators on the division, and has general supervision of the telegraph service. His office hours? He hasn't any. Most of the chiefs are in their offices early and late, and there is no harder worked man than the chief despatcher.

Each day is divided into three periods of eight hours each, known as "tricks," and a despatcher assigned to each. The first trick is from eight A.M. to four P.M.; the second from four P.M. to twelve midnight; and the third from twelve midnight to eight A.M.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the first-trick despatcher comes on duty, and his first work is to verify the order book and train sheet. The man going off duty checks off all orders issued by him that have been carried out, and his successor signs his initials to all orders yet to be obeyed. This signifies that he has read them over and thoroughly understands their purport and intent. He glances carefully over his train sheet, as-

FACSIMILE OF A COMPLETED ORDER AS ENTERED IN THE DESPATCHER'S ORDER-BOOK.

sures himself that everything is correct, and then assumes his duties. Anything that is not clear to him must be thoroughly explained before his predecessor leaves, and he must signify that he perfectly understands everything. The value of the time card rule, so familiar to all old railroaders, "In case of doubt always take the safe side," is exemplified many times every day in the telegraph service. After a despatcher has assumed charge of the trick, he is the master of the situation; his attentiveness and judgment are the powers that keep trains moving on time.

When all trains are running on time and there are no extras out, the despatcher's duty is easy, and consists largely in taking and recording "O. S. reports" and "consists." The O. S. report is the report sent by the various operators as trains arrive and depart from their several stations. A "consist" is a message sent by a conductor to the division superintendent, giving the exact composition and destination of each car in a train. When trains are late, however, and business is heavy and many extras are running, the despatcher's work becomes very hard. Orders have to be made, crews and engines kept working together, and trains moving.

Down the center of the train sheet, which varies in size according to the size of the division, are printed the names of all the telegraph stations on the division and the distances between them. On either side of this column are ruled smaller columns, each one of which represents a train. The number of each train is at the head of the appropriate column, and under it are the number of the engine, the names of the engineer and conductor, and the number of loads and empties in the train. All trains on a division are arranged in three classes, and each class has certain rights. Trains of the first class are always passenger trains; the through freight and the combination freight and passenger trains compose the second class. All other trains, such as work trains and construction trains, belong to the third class. It is an invariable rule on all railroads that trains running one way have exclusive rights over trains of their own and of inferior classes running in the opposite direction.

What is called the "double order system" is used almost exclusively on all single-track roads, and if the rules and regulations pertaining to it were strictly carried out and adhered to, accidents for which human agency was responsible would be impossible. It consists simply in giving an order to all trains concerned at the *same time*. That is to say, if the despatcher desires to make a meeting-point for two trains, he will send the same order simultaneously to both trains. If a train is leaving his end of the division, and he desires to make a meeting-point with a train coming in, before giving his order to the conductor and engineer he would telegraph it to a station at which the incoming train was soon to arrive, and whence the operator would repeat it back word for word and would signify that his red board was turned. By this means both trains would receive the same order.

MANNER OF SENDING ORDERS.

Let us suppose a case of two sections of No. 13 running east and one section of No. 14 running west. Both trains are second class trains, and as east-bound trains have the right of way, No. 14 must keep out of the way of 13. A certain point, call it Smithville, is, according to the time card, the meeting-point for these trains. But 14 finds out that she has a lot of work to do at Jonesboro; or a hot driving-box or a drawhead pulling out delays her, and thus she cannot possibly reach Smithville in time for No. 13. She is at Jason, and unless she can get orders to run farther on 13's time, she will have to tie up there and be further

delayed an hour. The conductor asks the operator at Jason to ask "Ds" if he can help them any. "Ds" glances over his train sheet, and finds that he cannot let them run to Smithville, because 13 is nearly on time; but there is a siding at Burke's, between Jason and Smithville, and he concludes to let 14 go there. It will delay 13 only a few minutes, and 14 will get a big lift. So he tells the operator at Jason to "copy 3." Then he calls Smithville, and tells him to "copy 5." Both the engineer and the conductor get a copy of all orders pertaining to their train, and the operators retain one copy for reference in case of accident. Both operators turn their red lights the *first thing*, and so long as the signal remains red no train can pass without first receiving an order or a clearance card. In the case supposed, the order sent would be as follows:

Ds 12/8 98.
ORDER No. 31.
To C & E 1st and 2d 13. Sm.
To C & E No. 14. In.
First and second sections No. 13 and No. 14 will meet at Burke's.
12
H. G. C.

The despatcher's operator, sitting opposite to his chief, copies every word of this order as the despatcher sends it, and when the operators at Jason and Smithville repeat it, he underlines each word, great care being taken to correct any error made by the operators. After an operator has repeated the order back, he signs his name, and the despatcher then says, "Order No. 31 O. K," giving the time and signing the division superintendent's initials thereto. The order is next handed to the conductor and the engineer of each train when they come into the office; both read it carefully, and then signify that they understand it fully by signing their names. The operator then says to the despatcher, "Order 31. sig. Jones and Smith," and the despatcher gives the "complete" and exact time. Then a copy is given to the conductor and one to the engineer, and they leave. On some roads the conductor must read the order out loud to the engineer before leaving the office.

Thus No. 14, having got her orders, pulls out, and when she reaches Burke's, she goes on the side track, and waits there for both 13s, because 13, being an east-bound train of the same class, has right of track over her. The same *modus operandi* is gone through with for No. 13, and when the trains have departed, the operators pull in their red lights. When the meeting has been made, and both trains are by Burke's safely, the despatcher draws a blue pencil through his order-book copy and signs his initials, which signifies that the provisions of the order have

". . . *Half lying on the table, face downward, dead by his own hand.*"

been carried out. Should its details not have been completed when the despatcher is relieved, his successor signs his initials thereto, showing that he has received it. This is the method of sending train orders, pure and simple, on single-track roads. On double-track lines the work is greatly simplified, because trains running in each direction have separate tracks.

The simple meeting order has been given above. The following forms will illustrate some of the many other different kinds of orders, self-explanatory.

TIME ORDER.

No. 14 has the right to use ten minutes of the time of No. 13 between Jason and Jonesboro.

SLOW ORDER.

All trains will run carefully over track from one half a mile east of Salt Water to Big River bridge, track soft.

EXTRA ORDER.

Engine 341 will run extra from De Leon to Valdosta.

ANNULMENT ORDER.

No. 15 of January 6th is annulled between Santiago and Rio.

WORK ORDER.

Engine 228 will work between Posey and Paterson, keeping out of way of all regular trains. Clear track for extra west engine 327 at 10:30 A.M.

When an operator has turned his red light for an order, he must not pull it in until he has delivered the order to the train for which it was intended. In the meantime, should another train come in for which he has no orders, he will give it a clearance card, as follows:

To C & E No. 27:
There are no orders for you, signal is set for No. 18. H. G. CLARKE, *Operator*.

At stated intervals during the day, the despatchers on duty on each division send full reports of trains to the divisions adjoining them on either side. This train report is very complete, giving the composition of each and every train on the road and the destination of every car. A form of the message will readily illustrate this:

SAN ANGELO 5/16

W. H. C. Ds.
No. 17 will arrive at Ds at 10.20. A.M. with the following:

1	HH Goods	Chgo.
2	Live Stock	Kansas City.
3	Mdse	Do
1	Emgt Outfit	St Louis.
6	Coal	Houston.
6	Wheat	Chgo.
7	Empty flats	Flat Rock.

26 H. G. B.

All work is done over the initials of the division superintendent and in his name. These reports keep the despatchers fully informed as to what may be expected, and arrangements can be made to keep trains moving. Of course the report illustrated above is for but one train. Necessarily it must be much longer when many trains are running.

At some regular time during the day all agents must send in a car report. This is copied by the despatcher's operator, and shows how many and what kinds of cars are on the side tracks; the number of cars wanted to load during the ensuing twenty-four hours; the number of loads ready to go out; and if the station is a water-station, how many feet of water are in the tank; or if a coaling station, how many cars of coal are on hand; and, lastly, what is the character of the weather. On some roads weather reports are sent in every hour.

In view of all this, it is not too much to say that the eyes of the despatcher see everything on the road. There are a thousand and one small details, in addition to the momentous matters that he has charge of, and the man who can keep his division clear, with all trains moving smoothly and on time, must indeed be a man of excellent method and application, and must have the ability to master numerous unexpected situations the instant they arise.

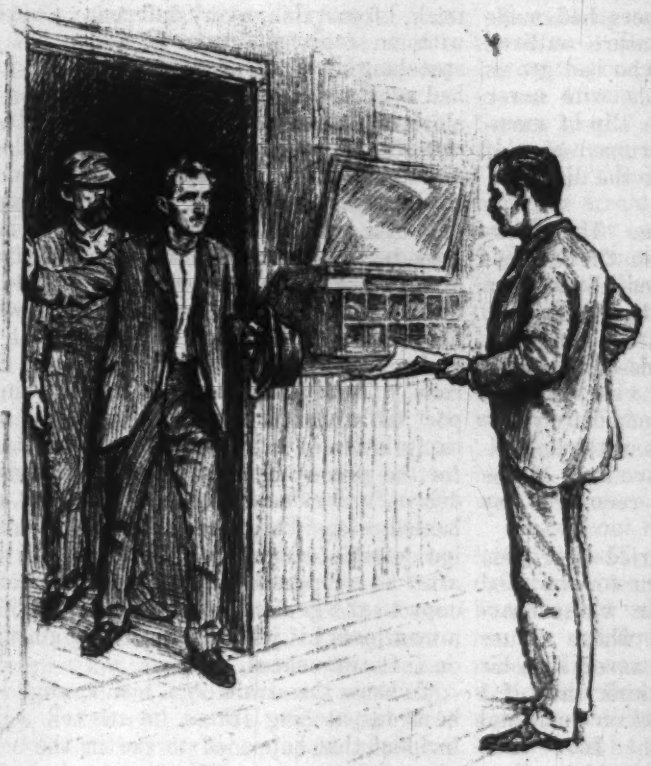
AN OLD DESPATCHER'S MISTAKE.

I had become thoroughly proficient as a copy operator, and frequently Borroughs, the first-trick despatcher, would allow me to "spell" him while he was eating his lunch. Be it said to his credit, however, that he never was out of hearing when I was doing any of his work. He was carefulness personified, and the following incident only serves to show what unaccountable errors will be made even by the best of men.

One cold morning in January, I started to the office as usual. The air was so crisp and biting that the air-pumps of the engines had that peculiar sharp, snappy sound heard only in a panting engine in cold weather. It made the engines seem to be almost endowed with life. As I went into the office, to go on duty at eight o'clock, the night man remarked that I must be feeling pretty brash; that my spirits seemed so high. And in fact, that was no joke; I was feeling fine, and showed it all over. But as I said good morning to Borroughs, I noticed that he

seemed rather glum, and I asked, "What's the matter, Dad? Feeling bad this morning?"

He snapped back in a manner entirely foreign to him, "No; but I don't feel like chaffing this morning. I feel as if something was going to happen."



"What's up, kid? Seen a ghost?"

I answered, "Oh, bosh, Dad! You'll feel all right in a few minutes; brace up."

Just then the wires started, and our conversation ceased. The first trick is always the busiest, and under the stress of work the incident soon passed from my mind. Pat remarked once that the general superintendent was going to leave Chaminade at 10.30 A.M., on a tour of inspection over the road.

About 10.35, I asked Borroughs to let me go over to the hotel for a few minutes, to get a cigar. He assented, and I slipped on my overcoat and went out. I wasn't gone more than ten minutes, and as I stepped into the doorway to come up-stairs on my return, I heard a shot in the office. I flew up-stairs two steps at a time, and bounded into the office, and never to my dying day shall I forget the sight that met my gaze. Borroughs, whom I had left but a few moments before full of life and energy, was half lying on the table, face downwards, dead by his own hand. The blood was oozing from a hole in his temple, and on the floor was the smoking pistol he had used. Fred Bennett, the chief despatcher, as pale as a ghost, was bending over him, while the two call-boys were standing near by, paralyzed with fright. Mr. Hebron, the division superintendent, came in from his office, and contemplated with a look of horror the awful scene.

Bennett turned to me and said, "Bates, come and help me lift poor Borroughs out of his chair."

Gently and carefully we laid him down on the floor, and sent one of the boys for a surgeon. Medical skill was powerless, however; the spirit of poor Pat Borroughs had gone to its long reckoning.

Work in the office had been brought to a standstill by the tragic occurrence, but all of a sudden I heard Monte Carlo calling "Ds," and using the signal "Wk," which means "wreck." Bennett told me to take the trick until the second-trick man could be called. I went over and sat down in the chair, which was still warm from the body of Borroughs, and wiping his blood off the train sheet with my handkerchief, I answered.

It would be impossible to describe the state of my feelings as I touched the key; I had completely lost track of trains, orders, and everything else. However, I gradually pulled myself together and got the hang of the road again, and then I learned how the wreck had occurred. About a minute after I went out, Borroughs had given a right-of-track order to an express freight from Monte Carlo to Johnsonville, and had told them to hurry up. Johnsonville is on the outskirts of Chaminade, and Borroughs had completely forgotten that the general superintendent's special had left there five minutes before. That he had known of it was evident from the fact that it was recorded

on the train sheet. Two minutes after the freight had left Monte Carlo, poor Pat realized that he had made a mistake. He said not a word to any person, but quietly ordered out the wrecking outfit, and then reaching in the drawer he took his revolver and snuffed out his candle. He fell forward on the train sheet, as if to cover up, with his lifeless body, the terrible blunder he had made. Many other despatchers had made serious errors, and in a measure outlived them; but here was a man who had grown gray in the service of railroads, with never a mark against him. By one slip of memory he had, as he thought, ruined himself forever, and too proud to bear the disgrace, he killed himself.

The wreck was an awful one. The superintendent's son was riding on the engine, and he and the engineer and the fireman were crushed almost beyond recognition. The superintendent, his wife, his daughter, and a friend were badly bruised, but none of them seriously injured. The second-trick man wasn't to be found immediately, so I worked until four o'clock, and the impression of that day will never leave me. It was a long time before I fully recovered my equanimity.

The next afternoon we buried poor Pat, and the earth closed over him forever, and thus passed from view a man whose character was of the purest and whose nature was of the gentlest. I have never seen his equal in any way. I often think that, if I had not gone over to the hotel on that fatal morning, the accident might have been averted, because, perhaps, I would have noticed the mistake in time to have prevented the collision. But again, it is probable that I would not have observed it, for operators, not having the responsibility of the despatchers, rarely concentrate their minds intensely on what they are taking. A man will sit and copy by the hour with the greatest accuracy, and at the same time be utterly oblivious of the purport of what he has been taking. There can be no explanation as to why Pat forgot the special. It is one of those things that happen; that's all.

MY FIRST TRICK.

The rule of seniority was adhered to in the office, and in the natural sequence of events the night man got my job, I was promoted to the third trick—from twelve midnight until eight A. M.—and a new night copy operator was brought in from Vining.

If any trick is easier than another it is the third, but none of them are sinecures by any means. When I was copy operator, I used to imagine it was easy to sit over on the other side of the table and give orders, "jack up" conductors and engineers because they didn't make time, and haul operators over the coals if you called them five minutes; but when I was finally assigned a trick, I found things very different. Copying, with no responsibility, was easy; but despatching I found about the stiffest job I had ever undertaken. I had to be on the alert in every faculty and every minute for about eight hours. While the first and second tricks have, perhaps, more train-order work attached to them, the third is about on a par with them, as far as actual labor goes, because, in addition to the regular train-order work, a new train sheet has to be opened every night at twelve o'clock, which necessitates the keeping of two until all the trains on the old one have completed their runs. There is also a consolidated train report to be made at this time, which is a recapitulation of the movements of all trains for the preceding twenty-four hours, giving delays, the causes thereof, accidents, cars hauled, etc. This is submitted to the division superintendent in the morning, and after he has perused it, he sends a condensed copy to the general superintendent. Many a man loses his job by a report against him on that train sheet.

To show the strain on a man's mind when he is despatching trains, let me tell a little incident that happened to me in the beginning of my career. Every morning about five o'clock, the third-trick man begins to figure on his work-train orders for the day, and when he has completed them, he gives them to the different crews. Work-train orders, it may not be amiss to explain, are the orders given the different construction crews, such as the bridge gang, the grading gang, track gang, etc., to work between certain points at certain times. They must be very full and explicit in detail as to all trains that are to run during the continuance of the order. For regular trains running on time no notification need be given, because the time-card rules apply; but for all extras, specials, and delayed trains, warnings must be given, so that the work-trains can get out of the way for them, otherwise the results might be very serious. Work orders are the bane of a new despatcher's existence.

I got along fairly well the first night as a

despatcher, and had no mishaps to speak of, although I delayed a through passenger some ten minutes by making a bad meet with a freight train, and I put a through freight on a siding for a train of an inferior class. For these little errors of judgment I was "cussed out" by the conductors and engineers, when they came in, and the division superintendent, on looking over the train sheet the next morning, remarked, that delaying a passenger train would never do, and in such a tone of voice that I could plainly see my finish, should I ever so offend again.

By 5.30 A.M., I had completed my work-train orders and sent them out. From that time until 8 o'clock, when the first-trick man relieved me, I was kept busy. He read over my orders, verified the sheet, and signed the transfer on the order book, and after a few moments' chat I went home. I went to bed about 9 o'clock, and was on the point of dropping off to sleep, when all at once I remembered that an extra fast freight was due to leave at 9.45 A.M. and that there was a train working in the cut about four miles out. I wondered if I had notified her to get out of the way of the extra. The extra would go down through that cut like greased lightning, because Horace Daniels, on engine 341, was going to pull her, and Horace was known as a runner from away back. I reviewed, as carefully as I could, the orders I had given to the work-train, and was rather sure I had notified them, but still I was not absolutely certain, and began to feel very uncomfortable. Poor Borroughs had just made his smash-up, and I didn't want poor Bates to have his right away. I looked at my watch, and found it was then 9.20. The extra would leave in twenty-five minutes, and I lived nearly a mile from the office. I slipped on my clothes, and, without putting on a collar or cravat, I caught up my hat and ran for the depot. As I approached, I saw Daniels giving 341 the last touch of oil before he started out. I shouted to him, "Don't pull out for a minute, Daniels; I think there is a mistake in your orders."

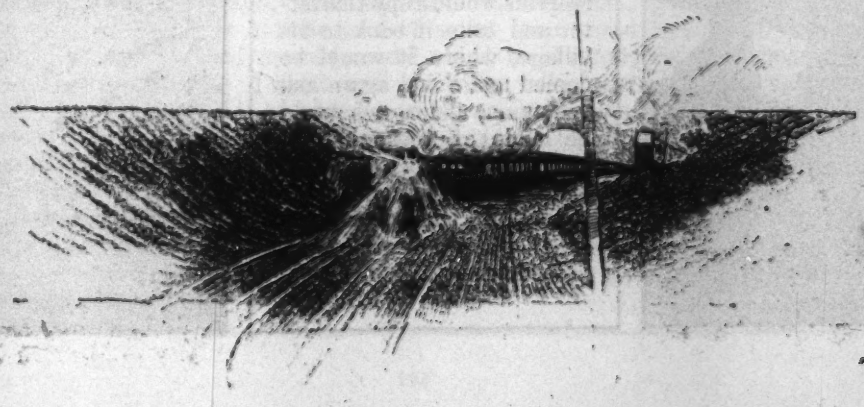
Daniels was a gruff sort of fellow, and he snapped back at me, "What is the matter with you? I hain't got no orders yet. Come here till I oil those wheels in your head."

I went up to the office, and Daniels followed me. Bennett, the chief, was standing by the counter as I went in, and after a glance at me, he said, "What's up, kid? Seen a ghost? You look almost pale enough to be one yourself."

I said, "No, I haven't seen any ghosts, but I am afraid I forgot to notify that gang working just east of here about this extra."

The conductor and engineer were both there, and they smiled very audibly at my discomfiture; in fact it was so audible that you could hear it for a block. Bennett went over to the table, glanced at the order book, and said, "Oh, bosh, Bates, of course you notified them. Here it is as big as life. 'Look out for extra east, engine 341, leaving El Monte at 9.45 A.M.' What do you want to scare us that way for?"

I was about to depart for home, congratulating myself on my escape, when Bennett called me over to one side of the room, and in a low, but very firm, voice metaphorically ran up and down my spinal column with a rake. He asked me if I didn't know there were other despatchers in that office besides myself; and didn't I suppose that the order book would be verified and consulted before sending out the extra? He hoped I never would show such a case of rattles again. That was all. Good morning. All the same I was glad I went back to the office that morning, because I satisfied myself that I had not committed an unpardonable error at the outset of my career.



MIRACLE JOYEUX.

BY

FRANK NORRIS.

MERVIUS had come to old Jerome's stone-built farmhouse, across the huge meadow where some half-dozen of the neighboring villagers pastured their stock in common. Old Jerome had received a certain letter, which was a copy of another letter, which in turn was a copy of another letter, and so on and so on, nobody could tell how far. Mervius would copy this letter and take it back to his village, where it would be copied again and again and yet again, and copies would be made of these copies, till the whole countryside would know the contents of that letter pretty well by heart. It was in this way, indeed, that these people

made their literature. They would hand down the precious documents to their children, and that letter's contents would become folk-lore, become so well known that it would be repeated orally. It would be a legend, a mythos; perhaps by and by, after a long time, it might gain credence and become even history.

But in that particular part of the country this famous letter was doubly important, because it had been written by a man whom some of the peasants and laborers and small farmers knew. "I knew him," said old Jerome, when Mervius had come in and the two had sat down on either side of the oak table in the brick-paved kitchen. Mervius—he was past seventy himself—slipped his huge wooden sabots and let his feet rest on the warm bricks near the fireplace, for the meadow grass had been cold.

"Yes, I knew him," said Jerome. "He took the name of Peter afterwards. He was a fisherman, and used to seine fish over in the big lake where the vineyards are. He used to come here twice a week and sell me fish. He was a good fisherman. Then the carpenter's son set the whole country by the ears, and he went away with him. I missed his fish. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh. They don't get such fish nowadays."

"I'll take the letter you have," said Mervius—"the copy, that is—and my wife will transcribe it; I—I am too old, and my eyes are bad. This carpenter's son now—as you say, he set the people by the ears. It is a strange story."

Old Jerome put his chin in the air. "He was the son of a carpenter, nothing else. We all knew his people; you did, and I. His father built the bin where I store my corn, and some stalls in my brother's barn in the next village. The son was a dreamer; any one could have told he would have perished in the end. The people were tired of him, a mild lunatic. That was all."

Mervius did not answer directly. "I have read this letter," he said, "this fisherman's letter. The man who looks after my sheep loaned me a copy. Peter was not always with the man, the carpenter's son. One thing he has left out—one thing that I saw."

"That *you* saw!" exclaimed old Jerome.

Mervius nodded.

"I saw this man once."

"The carpenter's son?"

"Yes, once, and I saw him smile. You notice this letter never makes record of him smiling."

"I know."

"I saw him smile."

"As how?"

Mervius wrapped his lean, old arms under the folds of his blouse, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked into the fire. Jerome's crow paced gravely in at the door, and perched on his master's knee. Jerome fed him bits of cheese dipped in wine.

"It was a long time ago," said Mervius; "I was a lad. I remember I and my cousin Joanna—she was a little girl of seven then—used to run out to the cow stables early of the cold mornings, and stand in the fodder on the floor of the stalls to warm our feet. I had heard my father tell of this man, this carpenter's son. Did you ever hear," he added, turning to old Jerome, "did you ever hear—when you were a boy—hear the older people speak of the 'White Night'? At midnight it grew suddenly light, as though the sun had risen out of season. In fact, there *was* a sun, or star—something. The chickens all came down from their roosts, the oxen lowed, the cocks crew, as though at daybreak. It was light for hours. Then towards four o'clock the light faded again. It happened in mid-winter. Yes, they called it the 'White Night.' It was strange. You know the

followers of this man claim that he was born on that night. My father knew some shepherds who told a strange story . . . however.

"For the children of our village—that is to say, my little cousin Joanna, my brother Simon, the potter's little son, Septimus, a lad named Joseph, whose father was the olive presser of the district, and myself—the village bleach-green was the playground.

"This bleach-green was a great meadow by the brook, on the other side my father's sheepfolds. It belonged to the fuller of the village. After weaving, the women used to bring here their webs of cloth to be whitened. Many a time I have seen the great squares and lengths of cloth covering the meadow, till you would have said the snow had fallen.

"It was that way on a holiday, when the five of us children were at our play along the banks of the little brook. Across the brook was the road that led to the city, and back of us

the bleach-green was one shimmer of white, great spreads and drifts of white cloth, billowing and rippling like shallow pools of milk, as the breeze stirred under them. They were weighted down at the corners with huge, round stones. It was a pretty sight. I have never forgotten that bleach-green.

"I remember that day we had found a bank of clay, and the potter's son, Septimus, showed us how to model the stuff into pots and drinking-vessels, and afterwards even into the form of animals: dogs, fishes, and the lame cow that belonged to the widow at the end of the village. Simon made a wonderful beast, that he assured us was a lion, with twigs for legs, while I and Septimus patted and pinched our lump of clay to look like the great he-pig that had eaten a litter of puppies the week past—a horror that was yet the talk of all the village.

"Joanna—she was younger than all the rest of us—was fashioning little birds, clumsy, dauby little lumps of wet clay without much form. She was very proud of them, and set them in a row upon a stick, and called for us to look at them. As boys will, we made fun of her and her little, clumsy clay birds, because she was a girl, and Simon, my brother, said:

"'Hoh, those aren't like birds at all. More like bullfrogs, I guess. *I'll* show you.'

"He and the rest of us took to making all manner of birds—pigeons, hawks, chickens, and the like. Septimus, the potter's son, executed a veritable masterpiece, a sort of peacock with tail spread which was very like, and which he swore he would take to his father's kiln to have baked. We all exclaimed over this marvel, and gathered about Septimus, praising him and his handiwork, and poor little Joanna and her foolish dauby lumps were forgotten. Then, of course, we all made peacocks, and set them in a row, and compared them with each other's. Joanna sat apart looking at us through her tears, and trying to pretend that she did not care for clay peacocks, that the ridicule of a handful of empty-headed boys did not hurt her, and that her stupid little birds were quite as brave as ours. Then she said, by and by, timid-like and half to herself, 'I think my birds are pretty, too.'

"'Hoh,' says Septimus, 'look at Joanna's bullfrogs! Hoh! You are only a girl. What do you know? You don't know *anything*. I think you had better go home. We don't like to play with girls.'

"She was too brave to let us see her cry, but she got up, and was just about going home across the bleach-green—in the green aisles between the webs of cloth—when Simon said to me and to the others:

"'Look, quick, Mervius, here comes that man that father spoke about, the carpenter's son who has made such a stir.' And he pointed across the brook, down the road that runs from the city over towards the lake, the same lake where you say this Peter used to fish. Joanna stopped, and looked where he pointed; so did we all. I saw the man, the carpenter's son, whom Simon meant, and knew at once that it was he."

Old Jerome interrupted: "You had never seen him before. How did you know it was he?"

Mervius shook his head. "It was he. How could *I* tell? I don't know. I knew it was he."

"What did he look like?" asked Jerome, interested.

Mervius paused. There was a silence. Jerome's crow looked at the bright coals of the fire, his head on one side.

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mervius at length. "His face was that of a peasant, sun-browned, touched, perhaps, with a certain calmness. That was all. A face that was neither sad nor glad, calm merely, and not unusually or especially pleasing. He was dressed as you and I are now—as a peasant—and his hands were those of a worker. Only his head was bare."

"Did he wear his beard?"

"No, that was afterward. He was younger when I saw him, about twenty-one maybe, and his face was smooth. There was nothing extraordinary about the man."

"Yet you knew it was he."

"Yes," admitted Mervius, nodding his head. "Yes, I knew it was he. He came up slowly along the road near the brook where we children were sitting. He walked as any traveler along those roads might, not thoughtful nor abstracted, but minding his steps and looking here and there about the country. The prettier things, I noted, seemed to attract him, and I particularly remember his stopping to look at a cherry-tree in full bloom and smelling at its blossoms. Once, too, he stopped and thrust out of the way a twig that had fallen across a little ant-heap. When he had come opposite us, he noticed us all standing there and looking at him quietly from across the brook, and he came down and stood on the other bank and asked us for a drink. There was a cup in an old bucket not far away that was kept there for those who worked on the bleach-green. I ran to fetch it, and when I had come back, he, the carpenter's son, had crossed the brook, and was sitting on the bank, and all the children were about him. He had little Joanna on his knee, and she had forgotten to cry. He drank out of the cup I gave him, and fell to asking us about what we had been doing. Then we all cried out together, and showed him our famous array of clay peacocks."

"And you were that familiar with him?" said old Jerome.

"He seemed like another child to us," answered Mervius. "We were all about him, on his shoulders, on his knees, in his arms, and Joanna in his lap—she had forgotten to cry.

"'See, see my birds,' she said. I tell you she had her arms around his neck. 'See, they said they were not pretty. They are pretty, aren't they, quite as pretty as theirs?'

"'Prettier, prettier,' he said. 'Look now.' He set our little clay birds before him in a row. First mine, then Simon's, then those of Joseph and of Septimus, then one of little Joanna's shapeless little lumps. He looked at them, and at last touched the one Joanna had made with his finger-tip, then— Did you ever see when corn is popping, how the grain swells, swells, swells, then bursts forth into whiteness? So it was then. No sooner had that little bird of Joanna, that clod of dust, that poor bit of common clay, felt the touch of his finger, than it awakened into life and became a live bird—and white, white as the sunshine, a beautiful little white bird that flew upward on the instant, with a tiny, glad note of song. We children shouted aloud, and Joanna danced and clapped her hands. And then it was the carpenter's son smiled. He looked at her as she looked up at that soaring white bird, and smiled, smiled just once, and then fell calm again.

"He rose to go, but we hung about him, and clamored for him to stay.

"'No,' he said, as he kissed us all, 'I must go, go up to the city.' He crossed the brook, and looked back at us.

"'Can't we go with you?' we cried to him. He shook his head.

"'Where I am going you cannot go. But,' he added, 'I am going to make a place for just such as you.'

"'And you'll come again?' we cried.

"'Yes, yes, I shall come again.'

"Then he went away, though often looking back and waving his hand at us. What we said after he had gone I don't know. How we felt I cannot express. Long time and in silence we stood there watching, until his figure vanished around a bend in the road. Then we turned and went home across the bleach-green, through the green aisles between the webs of white cloth. We never told what had happened. That was just for ourselves alone. The same evening we heard of

a great wonder that had been worked at a marriage in a town near by, water turned to wine, and a little later another, a man blind from his birth suddenly made to see. What did we care? He had not smiled upon those others, those people at the marriage, that crowd in the market-place. What did we care?"

. . . . . .

Mervius stopped, and slipped his feet back into his sabots, and rose. He took the letter from Jerome, and put it in the pocket of his blouse.

"And you saw that?"

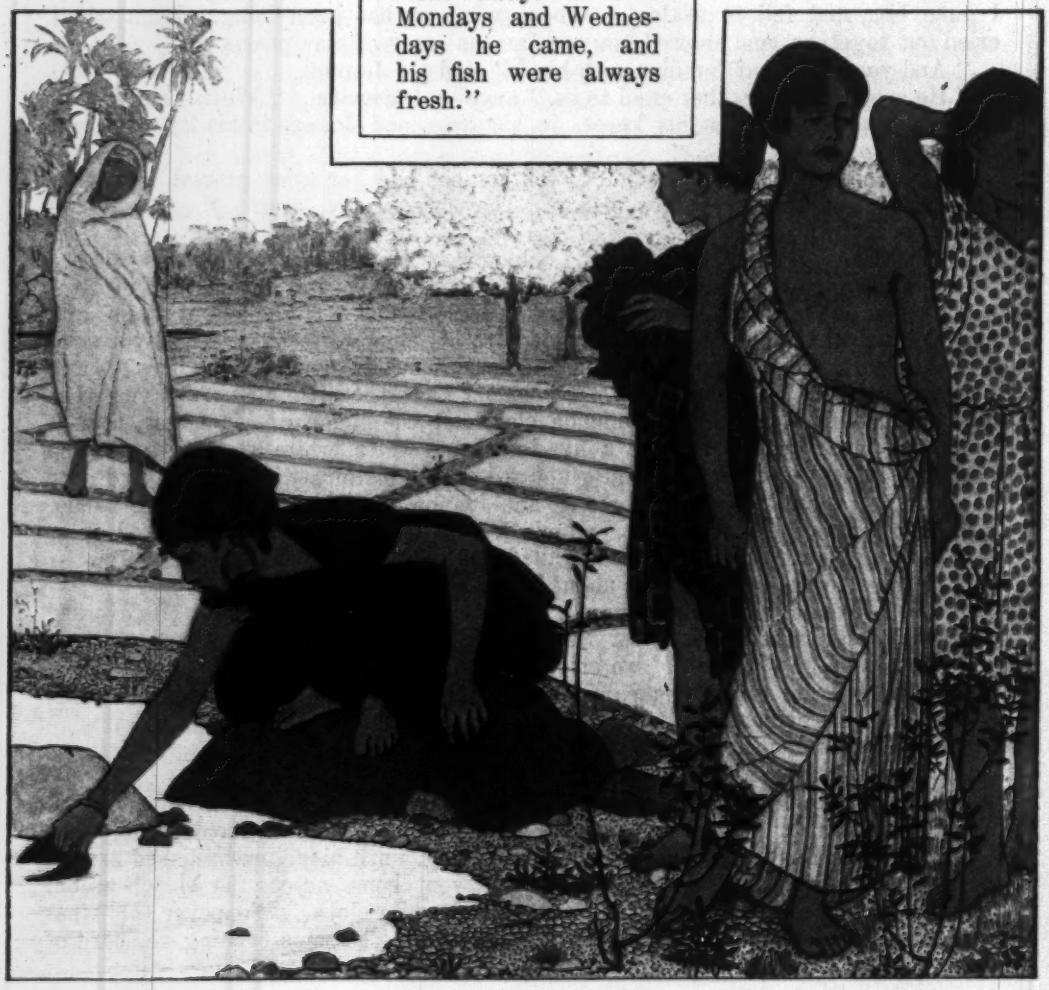
Mervius nodded, but old Jerome shook his head in the manner of one who is not willing to be convinced.

"He was a dreamer with unspeakable pretensions. Why, his people were laboring folk in one of the villages beyond the lake. His father was a carpenter, and built my corn-bin. The son was a fanatic. His wits were turned."

"But this thing I saw," said Mervius at the door. "I saw it, who am speaking to you."

Jerome put his chin in the air.

". . . A dreamer. . . . We were well rid of him. . . . But I was sorry when Peter went away. . . . Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh."



THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

EMBRACING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AND MATERIAL, RELATING TO LINCOLN'S PERSONAL LIFE DURING THE WAR.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

I.

MR. LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT-ELECT.

BY the election of November 6, 1860, Abraham Lincoln became the President-elect of the United States. For four months, however, he could exercise no direct influence on the affairs of the country. If the South tried to make good her threat to secede in case he was elected, he could do nothing to restrain her. The South did try, and at once. With the very election returns the telegraph brought Lincoln news of disruption. Day by day this news continued, and always more alarming. On November 10th, the United States senators from South Carolina resigned. Six weeks later, that State passed an ordinance of secession and began to organize an independent government. By the end of December, the only remnant of United States authority in South Carolina was the small garrison commanded by Major Anderson which occupied Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. The remaining forts and batteries of that harbor, the lighthouse tender, the arsenal, the post-office, the custom-house, in short, everything in the State over which the Stars and Stripes had floated, was under the Palmetto Flag.

In his quiet office in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln read, in January, reports of the proceedings of conventions in Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana, by all of which States, in that month, ordinances of secession were adopted. In February, he saw representatives of these same States unite in a general convention at Montgomery, Alabama, and the newspapers told him how promptly and intelligently they went to work to found a new nation, the Southern Confederacy, to provide it with a constitution, and to give it officers.

Mr. Lincoln observed that each State, as she went out of the Union, prepared to defend her course if necessary. On November 18th, Georgia appropriated $1,000,000 to arm the State, and in January she seized Forts Pulaski and Jackson and the United States arsenal. Louisiana appropriated all the federal property in her borders, even to the mint and custom-house and the money they contained. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi were not behind in their seizures, and when the new government was formed at Montgomery, it promptly took up the question of defending its life.

Mr. Lincoln was not only obliged to sit inactive and watch this steady dissolution of the Union, but he was obliged to see what was still harder—that the administration which he was to succeed was doing nothing to check the destructionists. Indeed, all through this period proof accumulated that members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet had been systematically working for many months to disarm the North and equip the South. The quantity of arms sent quietly from Northern arsenals was so great that the citizens of the towns from which they went became alarmed. Thus the Springfield "Republican" of January 2, 1861, noted that the citizens of that town were growing excited over "the procession of government licenses which, during the last spring and summer, and also quite recently, have been engaged in transporting from the United States Armory to the United States freight station, an immense quantity of boxes of muskets marked for Southern distribution." "We find," the paper continues, "that in 1860 there were removed for safe-keeping in other arsenals

135,430 government arms. This has nothing to do with the distribution occasionally made for State militia." And when, in December, the citizens of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, found that 123 cannon had been ordered South from the arsenal there, they made such energetic protests that President Buchanan was obliged to countermand the order of his Secretary of War.

LINCOLN CALLED ON TO DECLARE HIMSELF.

The rapid disintegration which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln filled the North with dismay. There was a general demand for some compromise which should reassure the South and stop secession. It was the place of the Republicans, the conservatives argued, to make this compromise. A furious clamor broke over Mr. Lincoln's head. His election had caused the trouble; now what would he do to quell it? How much of the Republican platform would he give up? Among the newspapers which pleaded with the President-elect to do something to reassure the South the most able was the New York "Herald." Lincoln was a "sectional president," declared the "Herald," who, out of 4,700,000 votes cast, had received but 1,850,000, and whom the South had had no part in electing.

If Mr. Lincoln intends to carry on the government according to the principles laid down in the Chicago platform and the documents issued under the authority of the Republican "national" committee, the inevitable tendency of his administration will be to encourage servile insurrections and to make the Southern States still more uncomfortable within the Union than they could by any possibility be without it. . . . If the new President recognizes the fact that he is not bound by the Chicago platform—the people having repudiated it; . . . if he comes out and tells the people that he will govern the country according to the views of the majority, and not to serve the purposes of the minority, all may yet be well. . . . Mr. Lincoln must throw his pledges to the winds, let his party go to perdition in its own way, and devote himself to the service of the whole country. It is Mr. Lincoln's bounden duty to come out now and declare his views.

It was not only the opposition press which urged Mr. Lincoln to offer some kind of compromise; many frightened Republican newspapers added their influence. The appeals of thousands of letters and of scores of visitors were added to the arguments of the press. Lincoln, however, refused to express his views anew. "I know the justness of my intentions," he told an interviewer in November, "and the utter groundlessness of the pretended fears of the men who are filling the country with their clamor. If I go into the Presidency, they will find me as I am on record, nothing less, nothing more. My declarations have been made to the world without reservation. They have been often repeated, and now self-respect demands of me and of the party which has elected me that, when threatened, I should be silent."

MAINTAINS THAT NOTHING IS TO BE GAINED BY FAWNING.

Business was brought almost to a standstill throughout the North by the prospect of disunion. "It is an awful time for merchants," wrote a correspondent to Charles Sumner, "worse than in 1857. And if there is not some speedy relief, more than half of the best concerns in the country will be ruined." Numbers of prominent men of wealth urged the President-elect to say something conciliatory for the sake of trade. To one of these he wrote on November 10th:

I am not insensible to any commercial or financial depression that may exist, but nothing is to be gained by fawning around the "respectable scoundrels" who got it up. Let them go to work and repair the mischief of their own making, and then perhaps they will be less greedy to do the like again.

And to Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the New York "Times," he gave, on November 28th, in answer to a request for his views, what he called a "demonstration" of the correctness of his judgment that he should say nothing for the public:

On the 20th instant, Senator Trumbull made a short speech, which I suppose you have both seen and approved. Has a single newspaper, heretofore against us, urged that speech upon its readers with a purpose to quiet public anxiety? Not one, so far as I know. On the contrary, the Boston "Courier" and its class hold me responsible for that speech, and endeavor to inflame the North with the belief that it foreshadows an abandonment of Republican ground by the incoming administration; while the Washington "Constitution" and its class hold the same speech up to the South as an open declaration of war against them. This is just as I expected, and just what would happen with any declaration I could make. These political fiends are not half sick enough yet. Party malice, and not public good, possesses them entirely. "They seek a sign, and no sign shall be given them." At least such is my present feeling and purpose.

While refusing positively to express himself for the general public at this time, Lincoln wrote and talked freely to the Republican leaders, almost all of whom were busy with one or another scheme for quieting the distracted nation. On the opening of Congress, a committee of thirty-three had been appointed by the House to consider "the present perilous condition of the country,"

and the Republican members wished to know what Mr. Lincoln would yield. The Hon. William Kellogg, the Illinois member of the committee, wrote to him. His reply, dated December 11th, is unmistakable:

Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again: all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is sure to be again trying to bring in his "popular sovereignty." Have none of it. The tug has to come, and better now than later. You know I think the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution ought to be enforced—to put it in its mildest form, ought not to be resisted.

While the committee of thirty-three was seeking grounds for a settlement in the House, a committee of thirteen was busy in the Senate in the same search. On the latter committee was William H. Seward, and he too sent to Mr. Lincoln for a suggestion. In reply, the President-elect sent Mr. Seward, by Thurlow Weed, a memorandum of his views. This document has been lost, and no record of its contents is known; that it was direct and clear in its statements we may infer from Mr. Lincoln's letter to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, written on December 13th:

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE.

My dear Sir: Your long letter received. Prevent, as far as possible, any of our friends from demoralizing themselves and our cause by entertaining propositions for compromise of any sort on "slavery extension." There is no possible compromise upon it but which puts us under again and leaves all our work to do over again. Whether it be a Missouri line or Eli Thayer's popular sovereignty, it is all the same. Let either be done, and immediately filibustering and extending slavery recommences. On that point hold firm, as with a chain of steel.

Yours as ever, A. LINCOLN.

These counsels were given while secession was still in its infancy. The alarming developments which followed did not cause Lincoln to waver. On January 11th, he wrote the Hon. J. T. Hale:

What is our present condition? We have just carried an election on principles fairly stated to the people. Now we are told in advance the government shall be broken up unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices. In this they are either attempting to play upon us or they are in dead earnest. Either way, if we surrender, it is the end of us and of the government. They will repeat the experiment upon us *ad libitum*. A year will not pass till we shall have to take Cuba as a condition upon which they will stay in the Union. They now have the Constitution under which we have lived over seventy years, and acts of Congress of their own framing, with no prospect of their being changed; and they can never have a more shallow pretext for breaking up the government, or extorting a compromise, than now. There is, in my judgment, but one compromise which would really settle the slavery question, and that would be a prohibition against acquiring any more territory.

APPEALS TO LINCOLN FROM THE SOUTH.

It was not the North and the Republicans alone that appealed to Mr. Lincoln; the Unionists of the South urged him for an explanation which they might present to the people as proof that there was nothing to fear from his election. Lincoln had no faith that any expression of his would be heeded; yet he did, confidentially, express himself frankly to many Southerners who came to him in Springfield, and there are two letters of his in existence which show how completely he grasped the essential difference between the North and the South, and with what justice and kindness he put the case to those who disagreed with him. The first of these letters was written to John A. Gilmer, a member of Congress from North Carolina, who desired earnestly to preserve the Union, but not unless the opinions of the South were considered. Mr. Gilmer had written to Mr. Lincoln, asking his position on certain questions. Lincoln replied:

(*Strictly confidential.*)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *December* 15, 1860.

HON. JOHN A. GILMER.

My dear Sir: Yours of the 10th is received. I am greatly disinclined to write a letter on the subject embraced in yours; and I would not do so, even privately as I do, were it not that I fear you might misconstrue my silence. Is it desired that I shall shift the ground upon which I have been elected? I cannot do it. You need only to acquaint yourself with that ground, and press it on the attention of the South. It is all in print and easy of access. May I be pardoned if I ask whether even you have ever attempted to procure the reading of the Republican platform, or my speeches, by the Southern people? If not, what reason have I to expect that any additional production of mine would meet a better fate? It would make me appear as if I repented for the crime of having been elected, and was anxious to apologize and beg forgiveness. To so represent me would be the principal use made of any letter I might now thrust upon the public. My old record cannot be so used; and that is precisely the reason that some new declaration is so much sought.

Now, my dear sir, be assured that I am not questioning your candor; I am only pointing out that while a new letter would hurt the cause which I think a just one, you can quite as well effect every patriotic object with the old record. Carefully read pages 18, 19, 74, 75, 88, 89, and 267 of the volume of joint debates between Senator Douglas and myself, with the Republican platform adopted at Chicago, and all your questions will be substantially answered. I have no thought of recommending the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, nor the slave-trade among the slave States, even on the conditions indicated; and if I were to make such recommendation, it is quite clear Congress would not follow it.

As to employing slaves in arsenals and dock-yards, it is a thing I never thought of in my life, to my recollection, till I saw your letter; and I may say of it precisely as I have said of the two points above.

As to the use of patronage in the slave States, where there are few or no Republicans, I do not expect to inquire for the politics of the appointee, or whether he does or not own slaves. I intend, in that matter, to accommodate the people in the several localities, if they themselves will allow me to accommodate them. In one word, I never have been, am not now, and probably never shall be in a mood of harassing the people either North or South.

On the territorial question I am inflexible, as you see my position in the book. On that there is a difference between you and us; and it is the only substantial difference. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other.

As to the State laws mentioned in your sixth question, I really know very little of them. I never have read one. If any of them are in conflict with the fugitive-slave clause, or any other part of the Constitution, I certainly shall be glad of their repeal; but I could hardly be justified, as a citizen of Illinois, or as President of the United States, to recommend the repeal of a statute of Vermont or South Carolina.

With assurance of my highest regards, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S.—The documents referred to I suppose you will readily find in Washington. A. L.

A week later, Mr. Lincoln wrote to A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in reply to a note in which Stephens had said: "The country is certainly in great peril, and no man ever had heavier or greater responsibilities resting upon him than you have in the present momentous crisis."

(For your own eye only.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *December* 22, 1860.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

My dear Sir: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves, or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN DECLARES SECESSION UNLAWFUL.

The uproar which raged about Mr. Lincoln soon became quite as loud over "coercion" as over "compromise." Each passing week made conciliation more difficult, saw new elements of disunion realized. What was to be done with the seceding States? What was to be done about the forts and arsenals, custom-houses and post-offices, they were seizing? If Mr. Lincoln would not compromise, was he going to let the States and the federal property go, or was he going to compel them to return with it? Did he purpose to coerce the South? Though the President-elect refused to give any expression of opinion on the subject to the country, it was not because he was not perfectly clear in his own mind. Secession he considered impossible. "My opinion is," he wrote Thurlow Weed on December 17th, "that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is."

When Horace Greeley advocated letting the "wayward sisters go in peace," Lincoln said nothing publicly, though in Springfield it was believed that he considered the policy "dangerous and illogical." He certainly was only amused at Fernando Wood's scheme to take New York City out of the Union and make it a free city—another Hamburg. "I reckon," he said to a New Yorker in February, in discussing the subject, "that it will be some time before the front door sets up housekeeping on its own account."

As to the forts and other federal property seized by the outgoing States, he seems to have felt from the first that they were to be retaken. In this matter he sought guidance from Andrew Jackson. Less than a week after his election, a correspondent of the "Evening Post" found him engaged in reading the history of the nullifiers of 1832 and 1833 and of the summary way in which "Old Hickory" dealt with them. In December, he wrote to his friend E. B. Washburne, who had just reported to him an interview with General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, on the dangers of the situation:

Please present my respects to the General, and tell him, confidentially, that I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either hold or retake the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration.

And the very next day, he wrote the following letter, which has only recently been discovered and has never before been published:

(Confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *December* 22, 1860.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER.

My dear Sir: I am much obliged by the receipt of yours of the 18th. The most we can do now is to watch events, and be as well prepared as possible for any turn things may take. If the forts fall, my judgment is

that they are to be retaken. When I shall determine definitely my time of starting to Washington, I will notify you.* Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

From the foregoing letters it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln had stripped his opinions on the questions of the day of all verbiage and non-essentials and reduced them to the following simple propositions.

(1) Slavery is wrong, and must not be extended.

(2) Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery.

(3) No State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union, without the consent of the others. It is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is.

(4) If the forts fall, my judgment is that they are to be retaken.

To these simple statements he stuck throughout this period of confusion and distress, refusing to allow them to be obscured by words and passion, and making them his guide in the work of preparation for his inauguration.

Three things especially occupied him in this preparation: (1) Making the acquaintance of the men with whom he was to be associated in the administration. (2) His cabinet. (3) His inaugural address.

MEETING OF LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

The first letter Lincoln wrote after his election was to Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, asking for an interview. The two gentlemen met at the Tremont House, Chicago, on November 23d. Mr. Hamlin once gave to a friend, Mr. C. J. Prescott, of New York, an account of this meeting, which Mr. Prescott has written out for this article:

Mr. Hamlin was for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of Waterville College, now Colby University, Waterville, Maine. On one of the annual Commencement occasions, I found him one afternoon seated on the piazza of the Elmwood, for the moment alone and unoccupied. Taking a chair by his side, I said: "Mr. Hamlin, when did you first meet Mr. Lincoln?" "Well," said he, "I very plainly recall the circumstances of our first meeting. It was in Chicago. Some time before the inauguration, I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, asking me to see him before I went to Washington. So I went to Chicago, where I was to meet Mr. Lincoln. Sending my card to Mr. Lincoln's room, I received word to 'come right up.' I found the door open, and Mr. Lincoln approaching with extended hand. With a hearty welcome, he said, 'I think I have never met you before, Mr. Hamlin, but this is not the first time I have seen you. I have just been recalling the time when, in '48, I went to the Senate to hear you speak. Your subject was not new, but the ideas were sound. You were talking about slavery, and I now take occasion to thank you for so well expressing what were my own sentiments at that time.'

"'Well, Mr. President,' said I, 'this is certainly quite a remarkable coincidence. I myself have just been recalling the first time I ever saw you. It must have been about the same time to which you allude. I was passing through the House, and was attracted by some remarks on the subject of slavery from one of the new members. They told me it was Lincoln, of Illinois. I heard you through, and I very well remember how heartily I endorsed every point you made. And, Mr. President, I have no doubt we are still in perfect accord on the main question.'"

The result of the Chicago interview was a cordial understanding between the two men which lasted throughout their administration. This was to be expected, for they were not unlike in character and experience. The same kind of democratic feeling inspired their relations with others. Both "marched with the boys." Both were eminently companionable. Hamlin liked a good story as well as Lincoln, and told almost as many. He had, too, the same quaint way of putting things. Like Lincoln, Hamlin had been born poor, and had had a hand-to-hand struggle to get up in the world. He had worked on a farm, chopped logs, taught school, studied law at night; in short, turned his hand cheerfully and eagerly to anything that would help him to realize his ambitions. Like Lincoln, he had gone early into politics, and, like Lincoln again, he had revolted from his party in 1856 to join the Republicans.

CHOOSING A CABINET.

A great many men were summoned to Springfield by Lincoln, in order that he might learn their views more perfectly. Among those who came, either by his direct or indirect invitation, were Edward Bates, Thurlow Weed, David Wilmot, A. K. McClure, George W. Julian, E. D. Baker, William Sweeney, Horace Greeley, and Carl Schurz. With many of them Lincoln did not hesitate to talk over

* Mr. Lincoln had been in correspondence with Major Hunter regarding the appropriation of the government armament to the use of the South since October, as the following letter, never before published, shows:

(*Private and Confidential.*)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *October* 26, 1860.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER.

My dear Sir: Your very kind letter of the 20th was duly received, for which please accept my thanks. I have another letter, from a writer unknown to me, saying the officers of the army at Fort Kearny have determined, in case of Republican success at the approaching Presidential election, to take themselves, and the arms at that point, South, for the purpose of resistance to the government. While I think there are many chances to one that this is a humbug, it occurs to me that any real movement of this sort in the army would leak out and become known to you. In such case, if it would not be unprofessional or dishonorable (of which you are to be judge), I shall be much obliged if you will apprise me of it.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER,
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

his cabinet. Thurlow Weed says that, when he visited the President-elect in December, the latter introduced the subject of the cabinet, saying that "he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making, that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade, he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends." "The making of a cabinet," he continued, "now that he had it to do, was by no means as easy as he had supposed; that he had, even before the result of the election was known, assuming the probability of success, fixed upon the two leading members of his cabinet; but that, in looking about for suitable men to fill the other departments, he had been much embarrassed, partly from his want of acquaintance with the prominent men of the day, and partly, he believed, because that, while the population had greatly increased, really great men were scarcer than they used to be."

The two members of his cabinet on whom Lincoln fixed so early were Seward and Chase. He wrote Seward on December 8th, asking permission to nominate him as Secretary of State, and saying:

> It has been my purpose, from the day of the nomination at Chicago, to assign you, by your leave, this place in the administration. I have delayed so long to communicate that purpose in deference to what appeared to me a proper caution in the case. Nothing has been developed to change my view in the premises; and I now offer you the place, in the hope that you will accept it, and with the belief that your position in the public eye, your integrity, ability, learning, and great experience, all combine to render it an appointment pre-eminently fit to be made.

Seward took three weeks to consider, and finally, on December 28th, wrote that, "after due reflection and much self-distrust," he had concluded it was his duty to accept.

Lincoln did not approach Chase on the subject of the cabinet until some three weeks after he had written Seward. Then, on December 31st, he wrote him this brief note:

> In these troublous times I would much like a conference with you. Please visit me here at once.

Chase reached Springfield on the evening of January 3d, and Lincoln, in his informal way, went to the hotel to see him. Chase afterward described the interview in a letter to a friend:

> He said he had felt bound to offer the position of Secretary of State to Mr. Seward as the generally recognized leader of the Republican party, intending, if he declined it, to offer it to me. He did not wish that Mr. Seward should decline it, and was glad that he had accepted, and now desired to have me take the place of Secretary of the Treasury.

Chase did not promise to accept, only to think it over, and so the situation stood until the appointment was actually made in March.

It was Pennsylvania and the South that gave Lincoln the greatest trouble. "Pennsylvania," he told Weed, "any more than New York or Ohio, cannot be overlooked. Her strong Republican vote, not less than her numerical importance, entitles her to a representative in the cabinet." After a careful "balancing of matters," as he called it, he concluded to appoint Simon Cameron as the Pennsylvania cabinet member, and on December 31st, he gave Cameron, who had been for three days in Springfield discussing the situation, the following letter:

> HON. SIMON CAMERON.
>
> *My dear Sir:* I think fit to notify you now that, by your permission, I shall at the proper time nominate you to the United States Senate for confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, or as Secretary of War—which of the two I have not yet definitely decided. Please answer at your earliest convenience.
>
> Your obedient servant,
>
> A. LINCOLN.

Cameron had scarcely reached home with his letter before those opposed to him in Pennsylvania had frightened Lincoln into believing that the lack of trust in Cameron's political honesty which existed throughout the country would destroy faith in the new cabinet. Lincoln immediately wrote Cameron that things had developed which made it impossible to take him into the cabinet. Later he assured Cameron that the withdrawal did not spring from any change of view as to the ability or faithfulness with which he would discharge the duties of the place, and he promised not to make a cabinet appointment for Pennsylvania without consulting him and giving all the weight he consistently could to his views and wishes. There the matter remained until March.

Among conciliatory Republicans there was a strong desire that Lincoln find a member of his cabinet in the South. It was believed that such an act would be taken as proof that the new President intended to consider the claims of the South. Lincoln did not believe the idea practical, and he showed the difficulties in the way very shrewdly by causing to be inserted, on December 12th, in the "Illinois Journal," a paper popularly called his "organ," the following short editorial:

> We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his cabinet

two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions.

First. Is it known that any such gentlemen of character would accept a place in the cabinet?

Second. If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them; or do they enter upon the administration in open opposition of each other?

The demand continued, however. Weed told Lincoln in December that, in his opinion, at least two of the members of the cabinet should be from the South. Lincoln was doubtful if they could be trusted. "There are men in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee," replied Weed, "for whose loyalty under any circumstances, and in any event, I would vouch."

"Well," said Lincoln, "let me have the names of your white blackbirds." Weed gave him four names. Mr. Seward, a little later, suggested several, and Mr. Greeley likewise sent him a list of five Southerners whom he declared it would be safe to take into the official family. Of all those named, Lincoln preferred John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, and he invited him to come to Springfield for an interview. As late as January 12th, he wrote to Seward:

I still hope Mr. Gilmer will, on a fair understanding with us, consent to take a place in the cabinet. . . . I fear, if we could get, we could not safely take more than one such man—that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election, the danger being to lose the confidence of our friends.

Mr. Gilmer did not accept Mr. Lincoln's invitation to Springfield, however, and nothing ever came of the overture made him. The nearest approach Lincoln made to selecting a cabinet member from the South was in the appointment of Edward Bates, of Missouri. He was one of the men whom Lincoln had decided upon as soon as he knew of his election, and he was the first after Seward to be notified. A representative from Indiana was desirable, and Caleb Smith was put on the slate provisionally. It was necessary, too, that New England have a place in the cabinet. Mr. Lincoln had three candidates, of all of whom he thought well—Tuck, of New Hampshire; Banks, of Massachusetts; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut; but he made no decision until after he reached Washington.

THE WRITING OF THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

About the middle of January, 1861, Lincoln began to prepare his inaugural address. A more desperate situation than existed at that moment it would be hard to imagine. Thus far every peace measure had failed, and the endless discussions of press and senate chamber were daily increasing the anger and the bewilderment of the people. Four States had left the Union, and the South was rapidly accepting the idea of separate nationality. The North was desperate and helpless. All the bitterness and confusion centered about Lincoln. A hundred things told him how serious was the situation: the averted faces of his townsmen of Southern sympathies, the warnings of good men who sought him from North and South, letters threatening him with death, sketches of gibbets and stilettos in every mail.

But in spite of all these distracting circumstances, when he thought it time to write the inaugural address, he calmly locked himself up in an upper room over a store, across the street from the State House, where he had his office, and there, with no books but a copy of the "Constitution," Henry Clay's "Speech of 1850," Jackson's "Proclamation against Nullification," and Webster's "Reply to Hayne," he prepared the document. Wishing to have several copies of it, he went to the general manager of the "Illinois State Journal," Major Wm. H. Bailhache, now of San Diego, California, to arrange for them. Major Bailhache has prepared for this article a statement of the incident:

In relation to the printing of the draft of his first inaugural address, my recollection is very clear that his manner was as free from formality and affectation as it would have been had he been ordering the printing of a legal document. He merely asked me, one day early in January, 1861, if I could print his address in a certain style without its contents becoming known, and upon being assured that I could do so, he remarked that he would give me the manuscript in a few days. Not long after this, he placed the momentous paper in my hands. I had the work done at once, under my personal supervision, in a private room in the "Journal" building, by a trusted employé, sworn to secrecy. When it was finished, I returned the manuscript to Mr. Lincoln, together with the twenty printed copies ordered, one of which he himself gave to me, and it has been retained in my possession ever since. I may remark in passing, that the manuscript was all in his own handwriting and was almost entirely free from alterations or interlineations. He did not ask to see a proof, reposing entire confidence in my careful supervision. Neither the original draft nor the printed sheets were ever out of my immediate custody for an instant during the time occupied in the printing, and I doubt whether any of the score or more of "typos" employed in the "Journal" office had even the slightest suspicion that this important state paper was then being put in type under the same roof with them. Be this as it may, the secret was well kept, although the newspapers employed every conceivable means to obtain a hint of its tenor, and the whole country was in a state of feverish anxiety to learn what the policy of the new President was to be.

LINCOLN'S DESPONDENCY AT THIS TIME.

Although Lincoln met the appalling events which preceded his inauguration with an outward calm, which led many people to say that he did not realize the seriousness of the situation, he was keenly alive to the dangers of the country and to the difficulty of his own position. So full of threats and alarms had his life become by the time of his election that the mysticism of his nature was awakened, and he was the victim of an hallucination which he afterwards described to different friends, among them Noah Brooks, who tells the story in Lincoln's own words:

It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great "hurrah, boys," so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it (and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position), and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had *two* separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say, five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home again that night, I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I made the experiment again, when (with a laugh), sure enough! the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a "sign" that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term.

Of far deeper significance than this touch of superstition is a look into the man's heart which Judge Gillespie, a life-long friend of Lincoln, left, and which his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett, of Edwardsville, Illinois, has kindly put at my service. Early in January, Judge Gillespie was in Springfield, and spent the night at Mr. Lincoln's home. It was late before the President-elect was free, and then the two men seated themselves by the fire for a talk.

"I attempted," says Judge Gillespie, "to draw him into conversation relating to the past, hoping to divert him from the thoughts which were evidently distracting him. 'Yes, yes, I remember,' he would say to my references to old scenes and associations; but the old-time zest was not only lacking, but in its place was a gloom and despondency entirely foreign to Lincoln's character as I had learned to know it. I attributed much of this to his changed surroundings. He sat with his head lying upon his arms, which were folded over the back of his chair, as I had often seen him sit on our travels after an exciting day in court. Suddenly he roused himself. 'Gillespie,' said he, 'I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the two months which intervene between now and my inauguration to take the oath of office now.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because every hour adds to the difficulties I am called upon to meet, and the present administration does nothing to check the tendency toward dissolution. I, who have been called to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force when it comes to me.'

"I said that the condition of which he spoke was such as had never risen before, and that it might lead to the amendment of such an obvious defect in the federal Constitution. 'It is not of myself I complain,' he said, with more bitterness than I ever heard him speak, before or after. 'But every day adds to the difficulty of the situation, and makes the outlook more gloomy. Secession is being fostered rather than repressed, and if the doctrine meets with a general acceptance in the border States, it will be a great blow to the government.'

"Our talk then turned upon the possibility of avoiding a war. 'It is only possible,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'upon the consent of this government to the erection of a foreign slave government out of the present slave States. I see the duty devolving upon me. I have read, upon my knees, the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him. I am in the garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing.'

"I then told him that as Christ's prayer was not answered and his crucifixion had redeemed the great part of the world from paganism to Christianity, so the sacrifice demanded of him might be a great beneficence. Little did I then think how prophetic were my words to be, or what a great sacrifice he was called to make.

"I trust and believe that that night, before I let him go, I shed some rays of sunlight into that troubled heart. Ere long he came to talk of scenes and incidents in which he had taken part, and to laugh over my reminders of some of our professional experiences. When I retired, it was the master of the house and chosen ruler of the country who saw me to my room. 'Joe,' he said, as he was about to leave me, 'I suppose you will never forget that trial down in Montgomery County, where the lawyer associated with you gave away the whole case in his opening speech. I saw you signaling to him, but you couldn't stop him. Now, that's just the way with me and Buchanan. He is giving away the case, and I have nothing to say, and can't stop him. Good-night.'"

SAYING FAREWELL TO SPRINGFIELD.

But the time for going to Washington was drawing near. There had been considerable discussion about when he had better go. So many threats had been made and so many rumors were in the air, that the party leaders had begun to feel, as early as December, that the President-elect might never get to Washington alive. Even Seward, optimistic as he was,

felt that precautions had better be taken, and he wrote Lincoln, from Washington, on December 28th :

There is a feverish excitement here which awakens all kinds of apprehensions of popular disturbance and disorders, connected with your assumption of the government.

I do not entertain these apprehensions myself. But it is worth consideration, in our peculiar circumstances, that accidents themselves may aggravate opinion here. Habit has accustomed the public to anticipate the arrival of the President-elect in this city about the middle of February ; and evil-minded persons would expect to organize the demonstrations for that time. I beg leave to suggest whether it would not be well for you, keeping your own counsel, to be prepared to drop into the city a week or ten days earlier. The effect would be, probably, reassuring and soothing.

Mr. Lincoln replied :

I have been considering your suggestions as to my reaching Washington somewhat earlier than is usual. It seems to me the inauguration is not the most dangerous point for us. Our adversaries have us now clearly at disadvantage. On the second Wednesday of February, when the votes should be officially counted, if the two Houses refuse to meet at all, or meet without a quorum of each, where shall we be? I do not think that this counting is constitutionally essential to the election ; but how are we to proceed in absence of it?

In view of this, I think it best for me not to attempt appearing in Washington till the result of that ceremony is known.

The peace of the capital was, however, in good hands. General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, had, even before the election, seen the trouble coming, and had pleaded with the administration to dispose of the United States forces in such a way as to protect threatened property. Early in January, he succeeded in securing a guard for Washington. The fear that the electoral vote would never be counted partially subsided then, and Lincoln announced that he would leave Springfield on February 11th.

The fortnight before his departure he gave to settling up his private business and saying good-by to his old friends. His stepmother was still living near Charleston, in Coles County, and thither he went to spend a day with her and to visit his father's grave. The comfort and happiness of his stepmother had been one of his cares from the time he began to be self-supporting, and in this farewell visit he assured himself that her future was provided for. Mrs. Lincoln, who was now a very old woman and might naturally doubt whether she would live to see her son again, was not concerned about herself at this time. The threats which pursued Lincoln had reached her, and in bidding him good-by, she sobbed out her belief that she would never see him again, that his life would be taken. This same fear was expressed by many of Lincoln's early friends who came to Springfield to say good-by to him.

In the multitude of partings which took place in these last days none was more characteristic than that with his law partner, Herndon. The day before his departure, Mr. Lincoln went to the office to settle some unfinished business.

"After those things were all disposed of," writes Mr. Herndon, "he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which, after many years of service, had been moved against the wall for support. He lay for some moments, his face towards the ceiling, without either of us speaking. Presently he inquired, 'Billy'—he always called me by that name—'how long have we been together?' 'Over sixteen years,' I answered. 'We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?' . . . He gathered a bundle of papers and books he wished to take with him, and started to go ; but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain. 'Let it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with a significant lowering of the voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I am coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had happened.' He lingered for a moment, as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed through the door into the narrow hallway."

Herndon says that he never saw Lincoln more cheerful than on that day, and Judge Gillespie, who visited him a few days earlier, found him in excellent spirits. "I told him that I believed it would do him good to get down to Washington." "I know it will," he replied. "I only wish I could have got there to lock the door before the horse was stolen. But when I get to the spot, I can find the tracks."

THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY FROM SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Lincoln and his party were to leave Springfield by a special train at eight o'clock on Monday morning, February 11th. And at precisely five minutes before eight o'clock, he was summoned from the dingy waiting-room of the station. Slowly working his way through the crowd of friends and townspeople that had gathered to bid him good-by, he mounted the platform of the car, and turning, stood looking down into the multitude of sad, friendly upturned faces. For a moment a strong emotion shook him ; then, removing his hat and lifting his hand to command silence, he spoke :

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. Here I

have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.*

A sob went through the listening crowd as Mr. Lincoln's broken voice asked their prayers, and a choked exclamation, "We will do it! We will do it!" rose as he ceased to speak. Upon all who listened to him that morning his words produced a deep impression. "I was only a lad of fourteen," says Mr. Lincoln Dubois, of Springfield, "but to this day I can recall almost the exact language of that speech." "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years," wrote the editor of the "State Journal." "We have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief. When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that *with God's help he should not fail*, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause."

The speech was of course telegraphed over the country, and though politicians sneered at it, the people were touched. He had appealed to one of their deepest convictions, the belief in a Providence whose help was given to those who sought it in prayer. The new President, they said to one another, was not only a man who had struggled with life like common people; he was a man who believed, as they did, in God, and was not ashamed to ask the prayers of good men.

ENTHUSIASM ALONG THE WAY.

The journey eastward through Illinois, which now began, was full of incident. "The enthusiasm all along the line was intense," says Thomas Ross,† a brakeman on the Presidential train. "As we whirled through the country villages, we caught a cheer from the people and a glimpse of waving handkerchiefs and of hats tossed high into the air. Wherever we stopped there was a great rush to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln, though of course only a few could reach him. The crowds looked as if they included the whole population. There were women and children, there were young men, and there were old men with gray beards. It was soul-stirring to see these white-whiskered old fellows, many of whom had known Lincoln in his humbler days, join in the cheering, and hear them shout after him, 'Good-by, Abe. Stick to the Constitution, and we will stick to you.' It was my good fortune to stand beside Lincoln at each place at which he spoke—at Decatur, Tolono, and Danville. At the State line the train stopped for dinner. There was such a crowd that Lincoln could scarcely reach the dining-room. 'Gentlemen,' said he, as he surveyed the crowd, 'if you will make me a little path, so that I can get through and get something to eat, I will make you a speech when I get back.'

"I never knew where all the people came from. They were not only in the towns and villages, but many were along the track in the country, just to get a glimpse of the President's train. I remember that, after passing Bement, we crossed a trestle, and I was greatly interested to see a man standing there with a shot-gun. As the train passed he presented arms. I have often thought he was there, a volunteer, to watch the trestle and to see that the President's train got over it in safety. As I have said, the people everywhere were wild. Everybody wanted to shake hands with Lincoln, and he would have to say: 'My friends, I would like to shake hands with all of you, but I can't do it.' At Danville I well remember seeing him thrust his long arm over several heads to shake hands with George Lawrence. Walter Whitney, the conductor, who went on to Indianapolis, told me when he got back that, after Lincoln got into a carriage, men got hold of the hubs and carried the vehicle for a whole block. At the State line, I left the train, and returned to Springfield, having passed the biggest day in my whole life."

RECEPTION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before the party reached Indianapolis, where they were to spend the night. An elaborate reception had been prepared, and here Mr. Lincoln made his first speech. It was not long, but it contained a paragraph of vital

* The version of the farewell speech here used is that given by Nicolay and Hay in their "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln."

† Interview by J. McCan Davis for McClure's Magazine.

importance. The discussion over the right of the government to coerce the South was at its height. Lincoln had never publicly expressed himself on this point. In the Indianapolis speech he said:

> The words "coercion" and "invasion" are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly deprecate the things they would represent by the use of the words. What, then, is "coercion"? What is "invasion"? Would the marching of an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them, be "invasion"? I certainly think it would; and it would be "coercion" also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be "invasion" or "coercion"? Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union as a family relation would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of "free-love" arrangement, to be maintained only on "passional attraction."

The speech was warmly applauded by the Republican press. It was the sign they had been seeking from Mr. Lincoln. But to the advocates of compromise it was a bitter message. "The bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois have at length tolled forth the signal for massacre and bloodshed by the incoming administration," said the New York "Herald."

AT CINCINNATI.

A long public reception in the evening, a breakfast the next morning with the Governor of the State, another reception at the hotel, and then, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Mr. Lincoln's party left Indianapolis for Cincinnati. Several of the friends who had come from Springfield left Mr. Lincoln at Indianapolis, but others joined him, and the train was as full of life and interest as it had been the day before. There was, too, the same succession of decorated, cheering towns; the same eager desire to see and hear the President at every station. At Cincinnati, where the second night was spent and where a magnificent reception was given him, Lincoln made two brief addresses. In that to the Mayor and citizens he was particularly happy:

> "I have spoken but once before this in Cincinnati," he said. "That was a year previous to the late Presidential election. On that occasion, in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave my opinion that we as Republicans would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but that they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency than they could in any other way. They did not, in any true sense of the word, nominate Mr. Douglas, and the result has come certainly as soon as ever I expected. I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten; and I now wish to recall their attention to what I then said upon that subject. I then said, 'When we do as we say—beat you—you perhaps want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you, as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution; and, in a word, coming back to the original proposition, to treat you, so far as degenerate men—if we have degenerated—may, according to the examples of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly.'
>
> "Fellow-citizens of Kentucky!—friends!—brethren! may I call you in my new position? I see no occasion, and feel no inclination, to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good, be assured the fault shall not be mine."

These conciliatory remarks were received with great enthusiasm, the crowd rushing at him as soon as he had finished, patting him on the back, and almost wrenching his arms off in their efforts at showing their approval.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati for Columbus. Although few stops were made, he was kept busy receiving the committees and politicians who boarded the train here and there, and who were indefatigable in their efforts to draw from him some expression of his views. Mr. Lincoln felt that to answer their questions would be the gravest indiscretion, and he resorted to stories and jests in his efforts not to commit himself or offend his visitors. The reports of his "levity," as more than one felt this practice to be, were telegraphed over the country and bitterly commented upon by a large part of the press. So far, however, as the stories Mr. Lincoln told on his journey have come to us, they contain quite as much political wisdom as a sober dissertation could have contained. Thus there was a great deal of discussion *en route* about the possibility of

reconciling the Northern and Southern Democrats. Mr. Lincoln was appealed to. "Well," he said, "I once knew a good sound churchman called Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Several engineers had failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend Jones, who, he believed, could build the bridge. Jones was accordingly summoned. 'Can you build this bridge?' asked the committee. 'Yes,' replied Jones; 'I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary.' The committee was horrified; but after Jones had retired, Brown said thoughtfully, 'I know Jones so well, and he is so honest a man and so good a builder, that if he says he can build a bridge to Hades, why, I believe it; but I have my doubts about the abutments on the infernal side.' So," said Lincoln, "when politicians say they can harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believe them, but I have my doubts about the abutments on the Southern side."

A SPEECH THAT CAUSED TROUBLE.

At Columbus, the brilliant receptions of Indianapolis and Cincinnati were repeated, and here Mr. Lincoln addressed briefly the State Legislature. One clause of his remarks proved to be most unfortunate:

> Allusion has been made to the interest felt in relation to the policy of the new administration. In this I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, and from others some deprecation. I still think that I was right. . . .
>
> In the varying and repeatedly shifting scenes of the present, and without a precedent which could enable me to judge by the past, it has seemed fitting that, before speaking upon the difficulties of the country, I should have gained a view of the whole field, being at liberty to modify and change the course of policy as future events may make a change necessary.
>
> I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is nothing that really hurts anybody. We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering anything. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people.

A hostile press took the phrases "there is nothing going wrong"—"there is nothing that really hurts anybody"—"nobody is suffering anything," and used them apart from the context, to prove that the President-elect did not grasp the situation. At Newark, New Jersey, a week later, just before the Presidential party passed through, a poster appeared in the town quoting these sentences and calling on the unemployed to meet at the station when Mr. Lincoln's train arrived and show the President that "they emphatically differed from these sentiments." Nothing came of this attempt to create a disturbance.

On Thursday morning, February 14th, the Presidential party was again *en route*, this time bound for Pittsburg. Lincoln must have made this journey with a lighter heart than that of the day before, for the danger that the counting of the electoral vote would be interfered with was now over. The night before, at Columbus, he had received a telegram which read: "The votes have been peaceably counted. You are elected." The ceremony had passed off without incident.

At Pittsburg, where the night of the 14th was spent, the President spoke to an immense crowd, and as the issue in Pennsylvania had been so largely protection, it was to that doctrine that he gave his chief attention. Nothing could have pleased the Iron City better. The people were so wild with enthusiasm that it took the combined efforts of the police and militia to get the Presidential party on the train and out of town.

From the hour that Lincoln's coercion remarks at Indianapolis reached the country, he had received telegraphic congratulations and remonstrances at almost every stop of the train. The remarks at Columbus produced a similar result, and he seems to have concluded at this point to make his future speeches more general. At Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, and New York there was nothing in what he said that his enemies could fasten on. His journey from Pittsburg eastward was in no way different from what it had been previously. There were the same crowds of people at every station, the same booming of cannon, gifts of flowers, receptions at hotels, breakfasts, dinners, and luncheons with local magnates. All along the route in the East, as in the West, the people were out; everywhere there were flags and banners and mottoes. The party in the train continued to change as it had done, committees and "leading citizens" replacing each other in rapid succession. None of these accessions aroused more interest among the other members of the party than Horace Greeley, who appeared unexpectedly at Girard, Ohio, bag and blankets in hand, and after a ride of twenty miles with Mr. Lincoln, departed.

At Buffalo, where Mr. Lincoln spoke on Saturday, the 16th, a bit of variety was infused into the celebration by the fulfilment

of an election wager. The loser was to saw a cord of wood in front of the American House and present it to the poorest negro to be found. He accordingly appeared with a wagon-load of cord-wood just before Mr. Lincoln began his speech from the hotel balcony, and during the address sawed vigorously.

RUMORS OF A PLOT AGAINST LINCOLN'S LIFE.

The journey through New York State, with the elaborate ceremonies at Albany and New York City, occupied three days, and it was not until the evening of February 21st that Lincoln reached Philadelphia. The day had been a hard one. He had left New York early, had replied to greetings at Jersey City and again at Newark, had addressed both branches of the New Jersey Legislature at Trenton and gone through a formal dinner there, and now, though it was dark and cold, he was obliged to ride in state through the streets of Philadelphia to his hotel, where hundreds of visitors soon were surging in to shake his hand. The hotel was still crowded with guests when he was summoned to the room of one of his party, Mr. Norman Judd. There he was introduced to Mr. Allan Pinkerton, who, as Mr. Judd explained, was a Chicago detective and had a story to lay before him.

"Pinkerton informed me," said Mr. Lincoln afterwards, in relating the affair to Benson J. Lossing, "that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I did not like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place (then Baltimore), I should feel safe, and go on."

Mr. Lincoln left Mr. Pinkerton, and started to his room. On the way he met Ward Lamon, also a member of his party, who introduced Frederick Seward, the son of the Senator. Mr. Seward told Mr. Lincoln that he had a letter for him from his father. The letter informed Mr. Lincoln that General Scott and Colonel Stone, the latter the officer commanding the District of Columbia militia, had just received information which seemed to them conclusive that a plot existed in Baltimore to murder him on his way through that city. Mr. Seward besought the President to change his plan and go forward secretly.

Mr. Lincoln read the note through twice slowly and thoughtfully; then looked up, and said to Mr. Seward, "Do you know anything about the way this information was obtained?"

No, Mr. Seward knew nothing.

"Did you hear any names mentioned? Did you, for instance, ever hear anything said about such a name as Pinkerton?"

No, Mr. Seward had heard no names mentioned save those of General Scott and Colonel Stone.

"I may as well tell why I ask," said Mr. Lincoln. "There were stories and rumors some time ago, before I left home, about people who were intending to do me a mischief. I never attached much importance to them—never wanted to believe any such thing. So I never would do anything about them in the way of taking precautions and the like. Some of my friends, though, thought differently—Judd and others—and, without my knowledge, they employed a detective to look into the matter. It seems he has occasionally reported what he found; and only to-day, since we arrived at this house, he brought this story, or something similar to it, about an attempt on my life in the confusion and hurly-burly of the reception at Baltimore."

"Surely, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Seward, "that is a strong corroboration of the news I bring you."

He smiled, and shook his head. "That is exactly why I was asking you about names. If different persons, not knowing of each other's work, have been pursuing separate clews that led to the same result, why, then, it shows there must be something in it. But if this is only the same story, filtered through two channels, and reaching me in two ways, then that don't make it any stronger. Don't you see?"

After a little further discussion of the subject, Mr. Lincoln rose and said: "Well, we haven't got to decide it to-night, anyway, and I see it is getting late. You need not think I will not consider it well. I shall think it over carefully, and try to decide it right; and I will let you know in the morning."

RAISING THE FLAG ON INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The next day was Washington's Birthday. The hauling down of the Stars and Stripes in the South and the substituting of State flags had stirred the North deeply. The day the first Palmetto Flag was raised in South Carolina, a new reverence for the national emblem was born in the North. The flag began to appear at every window, in every buttonhole. On January 29th, Kansas was admitted into the Union, without slavery, thus adding a new star to the thirty-three then in the field; and for raising the new flag thus made necessary, Washington's Birthday became almost a universal choice. In Philadelphia, it was arranged that the new flag for Independence Hall be raised by Mr. Lincoln. The ceremony took place at seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lincoln's brief speech was one of the best received of all he made on the journey:

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have pondered often over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is a wholly unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of "No, no."] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

SECRET NIGHT JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

It was after returning from the flag-raising at Philadelphia that Lincoln told his friends that he had decided to go on to Washington at whatever time they thought best after his only remaining engagement was filled; viz., to meet and address the Pennsylvania Legislature at Harrisburg that afternoon. The engagement was carried out, and late in the afternoon he was free. It had been arranged that he leave Harrisburg secretly at six o'clock in the evening with Colonel Lamon, the rest of his party to know nothing of his departure. But Mr. Lincoln did not like to go without at least informing his companions, and asked that they be called. "I reckon they'll laugh at us, Judd," he said, "but you had better get them together." Several of the party, when told of the project, opposed it violently, arguing that it would expose Mr. Lincoln to ridicule and to the charge of cowardice. He, however, answered that unless there was something besides ridicule to fear, he was disposed to carry out Mr. Judd's plan.

At six o'clock he left his hotel by a back door, bareheaded, a soft hat in his pocket, and entering a carriage, was driven to the station, where a car and engine, unlighted save for a headlight, awaited him. A few minutes after eleven o'clock, he was in Philadelphia, where the night train for Washington was being held by order of the president of the road for an "important package." This package was delivered to the conductor as soon as it was known that Mr. Lincoln was on the train. At six o'clock the next morning, after an undisturbed night, he was in Washington, where Mr. Washburne and Mr. Seward met him, and, with devout thanksgiving, conducted him to Willard's Hotel, there to remain until after the inauguration.

There were still nine days before the inauguration, and nine busier days Mr. Lincoln had not spent since his election. He was obliged to make visits to President Buchanan, Congress, and the Supreme Court, and under Mr. Seward's guidance, this was done at once. He received, too, great numbers of visitors, including many delegations and committees. The Hon. James Harlan, of Iowa, at that time United States Senator, called on Mr. Lincoln on February 23d, the day of his arrival. "He was overwhelmed

with callers," says Senator Harlan. "The room in which he stood, the corridors and halls and stairs leading to it, were crowded full of people, each one, apparently, intent on obtaining an opportunity to say a few words to him *privately*."

It was in these few days before his inauguration that the great fight over the future cabinet was made. As we have seen, Lincoln had made his selections, subject to events, before he left Springfield. When he reached Washington he sought counsel on his proposed appointments from great numbers of the leading men of the country. If they did not come to him, he went to them. Thus Senator Harlan, in an unpublished manuscript, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," tells how the President-elect sounded him on the cabinet. "A page came to me at my desk in the Senate Chamber," writes Senator Harlan, "and said, 'The President-elect is in the President's room and wishes to see you.' I confess that I felt a little flurried by this announcement. I had not been accustomed to being called in by presidents of the United States; hence, to gain a little time for self-composure, I said to the little page, 'How do you know that the President-elect wishes to see me?' 'Oh,' said he, 'his messenger came to the door of the Senate Chamber, and sent me to tell you.' 'All right,' said I. 'You may tell the President's messenger that I will call immediately,' which, of course, I did without the least delay.

"I was received by the President in person, who, after the ordinary greetings, offered me a seat, and seated himself near me. No one else was in the room. He commenced the conversation, saying in a half-playful, half-serious tone and manner, 'I sent for you to tell me whom to appoint as members of my cabinet.' I responded, saying, 'Mr. President, as that duty, under the Constitution, devolves, in the first instance, on the President, I have not given to the subject a serious thought; I have no names to suggest, and expect to be satisfied with your selections.' He then said he had about concluded to nominate William H. Seward, of New York, as Secretary of State; Edward Bates, of Missouri, for Attorney-General; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, for Secretary of the Interior; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, for Secretary of the Navy; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, for Postmaster-General; and that he thought he ought to appoint Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, for the remaining two places, but was in doubt which one to offer Mr. Cameron and would like to have me express my opinion frankly on the point.

"'Well,' said I, 'Mr. President, if that is the only question involved, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Chase ought to be made Secretary of the Treasury,' and then I proceeded to mention, without hesitation or reserve, my reasons for this opinion. He thanked me cordially for my frankness. I took my leave. This interview lasted probably about ten or fifteen minutes."

Not all of those with whom Mr. Lincoln talked about his cabinet professed, like Senator Harlan, to be satisfied with his selections. Radical Republicans, mistrusting Seward's spirit of compromise, besought him to take Chase and drop Seward altogether. Conservatives, on the contrary, feared Chase's implacable "no compromise" spirit, and urged Lincoln to omit him from the cabinet. Seward finally, on March 2d, probably thinking to force Lincoln's hand, withdrew his consent to take an appointment. He said later that he feared a "compound cabinet" and did not wish to "hazard" himself in the experiment. This action brought no immediate reply from Mr. Lincoln. He simply left Seward's name where he had placed it at the head of his slate. The struggle over Cameron's appointment, which had been going on for more than two months, now culminated in a desperate encounter. The appointment of Blair was hotly contested. Caleb Smith's seat was disputed by Schuyler Colfax. In short, it was a day-and-night battle of the factions of the Republican party, which raged around Lincoln from the hour he appeared in Washington until the hour of his inauguration.

In spite of all the arguments and threats from excited and earnest men, to which he listened candidly and patiently, Lincoln found himself, on the morning of March 4th, with the cabinet which he had selected four months before unchanged. This fact, had it been known, might have modified somewhat the opinion expressed generally at the time, that the new President would never be anything but the tool of Chase or Seward, or of whoever proved to be the strong man of his cabinet—that is, if he was ever inaugurated. Of this last many had doubts, and even as late as the morning of March 4th were betting in the hotel corridors and streets of Washington that Abraham Lincoln would never be President of the United States.

A TIGER OF THE TEA-GARDENS

BY

W. A. FRASER

Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.

CHITTAGONG is on the way between Calcutta and Rangoon. If that were all it would not matter, but it is the hunter of big game's paradise. It is to all forms of life what the stable-yard is to the fungi. The natives come up like flies; elephant, sambur, tiger, and black leopards simply walk about looking for the *shikari's* (hunter's) bullet.

Higgins was as simple in his way of life as his name. He ran a tea garden, after a fashion—two of them, for the matter of that. He was tall, and straight, and blue-eyed as a viking. Not that that made any difference; for a small man, if he has the nerve, is as good behind an "Express" rifle as a big one. His manner of killing tigers was simplicity itself. Elephants and beaters, and all that sort of thing, he knew nothing about. He killed them with his rifle—that was his way. When he got word that a tiger was knocking things about on one of the gardens near by, killing coolies, and eating hind quarters out of bullocks, he would go out and wander about until he and Stripes looked into each other's eyes at close quarters. Then the cool, steady aim, and an "Express" bullet crashing through the beast's brain, and the thing was done. At the time I was stopping with Higgins for a day or so on his garden, he had killed twenty tigers in just this honest, fair-deal sort of way.

". . . a coolie came rushing up."

We were lounging about the veranda in the heat of the afternoon, when a coolie came rushing up from among the tea-drying houses. There was a tiger among the tea-pickers—"seventeen tigers!" but numbers counted for nothing, for the man was drunk with his fear. Above the rifle-rack, from a pair of sambur horns, hung a silver whistle. Higgins blew a shrill note on this, and gathered unto himself a rifle and much ammunition. Another native, a short, thick-set, powerful hillman, came bounding through the crotons like a wild boar. It was the *shikari*, Higgins's native hunter, answering the call of the silver whistle.

"Give me a rifle," I said, intoxicated by the prospect of slaughter.

Higgins reached me one from

the rack—there were half a dozen left. He was like a billiard-player with his cues. "Keep close!" he said, as we rushed along behind the *shikari*.

My blood tingled as I kept pace with the long strides of my friend. Of a verity I was afraid, but my blood tingled. The garden was a labyrinth of small hills and valleys. As we passed from among the "coolie-lines," a native came rushing up and pointed to a hill on our left. "He is there, *Huzoor*, and is of the size of an elephant. I, Nellia, who was too frightened to run, saw him. Even as I hid behind a tea-bush did he eat ten men, as a Madrassi eats chillies."

He, Nellia, was still at it, talking, as we rushed off in the direction he indicated. Before we were half-way up the rise, another coolie came tearing over the brow of the hill on our right.

"Lord Protector!" he yelled, making straight for us, "the eater of men is just over there from whence I came. As he rushed by me his leg struck my leg, and it is broken. Tankia saw five of them—five tigers, Sahib, each one as big as the *Huzoor's* pony."

He was talking to the wind, for Higgins had darted off in the direction of the last report. The information was picturesque, but confusing. As we neared the summit of the small hill, Higgins moved cautiously. On the farther side we could see coolies fleeing up the incline. "He's here, somewhere," whispered Higgins to me, as we stood for a moment peering about. "I hope he has not made off with one of the poor devils."

A sharp, hissing noise came from the *shikari*. He was standing with his head thrust forward, his sharp, black eyes peering intently at some object among the bushes in the bottom of the *nulla* (ravine).

"He's there," said Higgins, inclining his head in that direction. As he spoke I caught sight of the strong, undulating tail, swishing back and forth viciously. "He's got something," he continued.

We could not see what it was, for the bushes were thick. "Keep behind a little," said Higgins, "and if I do not bag him and he charges back, give him your rifle. Don't get in a hurry; keep cool."

I was glad that he gave me that advice about keeping cool; I had forgotten all about it. I was getting just a trifle excited. I fancied that I had three or four rifles in my hands, and was not sure whether I was to shoot the *shikari*, Higgins, or the tiger. But my friend's nerve was superb. It was as though he were going to bag a jack-snipe. The tiger was a hundred yards away when we first saw him. Higgins walked along quietly till he was within twenty paces. I was a little in the rear. We could see his beautiful black-and-yellow striped body, and also something else—there was something black under his massive paws. My heart turned sick as I looked. There were two black bodies there, crushed to the earth, one on top of the other, pinioned by those merciless claws.

The tiger had winded us; his head was up, listening. We were in his rear. Higgins

"The beast turned his head."

advanced cautiously, step by step, his rifle ready. When he was within twenty feet, he whistled softly. That was that the tiger might look around and give him the brain-shot—fair between the eyes. The beast turned his head till he saw us out of the corner of the oblique slit in his face. I could see the snarling, curled lip and the meerschaum-colored fangs.

"Then he gave a queer cry."

The shot was a bad one: that sloping forehead would turn a bullet like a sheet of armor. There was a good heart-shot, behind the outstretched foreleg. The tiger lashed his sides with his tail, but kept his prey down with stubborn ferocity. Higgins raised his rifle; the blue eyes looked carefully along the sights; there was a report.

For a minute there was a noise like the meeting of two railroad engines. The air was full of sand and yellow-striped sun eclipses. Higgins was standing quite motionless, holding his gun ready. Five paces off the huge beast lay dying.

"Through the heart," said my friend laconically. "Here, Jeswant, get those coolies up. They're not hurt, I hope."

The *shikari* ran over to the two men lying so silently there. Why did they not move? The tiger had not mauled them. Jeswant stooped down, and touched one of the figures. Then he gave a queer cry. We hurried forward, and looked at them. They were both dead—dead by a bullet. That terrible "Express" had sent the leaden messenger through the tiger, heart and all, and through the two men lying at his breast.

I felt sorry for Higgins. He turned with loathing from the tiger. I could see from his face that the death of the two men was lying heavy on his mind. "Poor old chaps," he said, and his voice was unsteady.

"It's a magnificent skin," I said, looking at the dead beast and trying to draw Higgins's thoughts away from the other.

"I'll never touch it!" he said passionately. "I could not bear to have it about my bungalow. It would always make me think of Sookar and Ramia here."

I took it. Higgins was glad to give it to me. I haven't it now, but I know where it is. Somehow I got tired of seeing it about, just as Higgins said he would. The man who has it does not know the story connected with it.

WALT BOWIE.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

AT the head of the Government Secret Service during the Civil War was Brigadier-General Lafayette C. Baker, and serving with him intimately was his cousin, my father, Major J. Stannard Baker. My father has told me many stories of the adventures of himself and the other men of the Secret Service, and the following is one of them, given here in substantially the words and form in which he related it.

Running the picket lines during the early years of the Civil War was not confined wholly to avaricious speculators and poor whites. There were Snowdens, Camerons, Milburns, and Bowies among the number, and they rode and scouted, carried mail, and captured horses, with all the dash and spirit of the Southern blood. They were familiar with the country roads of Maryland and Virginia, and they knew the best crossings and fords of the Potomac. If they were trapped within the Federal lines, they appealed for protection at the nearest plantation, the owner of which was more than likely to be a cousin or an uncle, and when the searchers appeared, they were stowed safely away in an attic or hay-loft, and there they remained until danger was past. They were all dashing, reckless young fellows, the prodigal sons of respectable families, to whom the war came as a license for lawlessness.

One of the best known of these young marauders was Captain Walter W. W. Bowie. He was born in Maryland, near Lower Marlborough, his mother being one of the historic Snowden family. On his father's side he was related to the famous Colonel James Bowie, duelist and companion of Crockett, who gave his name to the Bowie knife. Before the war opened Captain Bowie had made a reputation as a hard rider and a hard drinker, and there were few of the people of Maryland who did not know him. He is described as being above medium height, with dark, curly hair, dark eyes, a handsome face, and the manners of an accomplished gallant. At the outbreak of hostilities he was commissioned captain by General J. E. B. Stuart. He served for some time with the guerrilla bands of eastern Virginia, and then began his clandestine excursions through the Federal lines. The guerrillas could be driven off or captured, but Bowie was as nimble as a flea, and his stings were quite as frequent and irritating. For the whole of one season he demoralized several counties in central Maryland. The authorities at Washington sent out a number of expeditions to capture him, but he invariably eluded them, two or three times under the most desperate circumstances. Mrs. Surratt, who kept a tavern at Surrattville, and who was afterward famous for her connection with the Booth conspiracy, knew him well.

"You'll never get Walt Bowie," she told the detectives of the Secret Service; "he has a charmed life; you can neither capture nor kill him," and she expressed the belief of many of the people of lower Maryland.

One dark night in the spring of 1863, Bowie was surrounded by a cavalry detachment on the banks of the Potomac, some miles above Port Tobacco. The lieutenant in command dismounted his men, and advanced cautiously through a strip of pine woods. They closed in and captured Bowie's horse and a quantity of contraband goods, but Bowie himself had mysteriously disappeared. They spread out, and began to beat for him through the bushes. Half an hour later they found their lieutenant lying face upward in the weeds, with Bowie's knife in his breast.

Captain Walt Bowie.

After this incident the case was referred by the War Department to General L. C. Baker of the Secret Service Bureau, and Traill was assigned the task of capturing Bowie. It seems that Traill and Bowie had been friends before the war, and in some way, best known to themselves, a mortal enmity had sprung up between them. Traill never told me the exact particulars, but I know that Bowie had threatened to shoot him on sight.

After several weeks of watching, Traill learned that Bowie was accustomed to visit the home of Colonel James H. Waring, one of the best known planters of southern Maryland. Bowie's mother was distantly related to the Warings, as, indeed, she was related to many of the older families of the South. Colonel Waring's house stood on a picturesque knoll, around which crooked the Patuxent River, leaving only a small neck of land to connect it with other parts of the plantation. The especial attraction which drew Bowie into this dangerous trap was Colonel Waring's daughter, whom he had known before the war. Traill learned that he had made arrangements to pay one of his regular visits on the night of July 14, 1863.

General Baker at once detailed Odell, Brant, and me to go with Traill and make the arrest. We prepared for the expedition with unusual caution, choosing the best and freshest horses we could get, and arming ourselves with two revolvers each.

"'Is Walt Bowie here?' demanded Traill."

It was past midnight when we rode through the gateway of the Waring plantation. We tethered our horses in a grove of trees at some distance from the drive, leaving them ready saddled and bridled in case of need. Then we crept up cautiously toward the house. We understood without specific orders that we were to shoot any one who failed to halt on command.

Traill and I went to the front of the house, and Brant and Odell to the rear. I waited below in the walk and watched the windows while Traill thundered on the iron knocker. In a moment the whole plantation sprung into life. Dogs began to bark, negroes ran shouting from their quarters, and lights began to flash out one by one in the upper windows. Traill knocked again more violently, and presently an aged negro woman with white, kinky hair unbarred the door and started back, gasping, when we crowded in.

"Is Walt Bowie here?" demanded Traill.

"Dunno, massa; yain't seed nothin' ob him, massa——"

Traill remained at the front door questioning the negro, and I went down the long hallway and opened the back door, so as to establish communication with Odell and Brant. It was dark, and as I stepped out on the porch I stumbled over the prostrate body of a little house negro curled on the doorstep fast asleep. I seized him just as he was squirming away, and brought him sharply around, so that the light shone in his face.

"Where's Walt Bowie?" I asked.

"He done come las' night——" and then he must have caught sight of a warning finger from some of the negroes who were gathering on the porch, for his tongue froze with fright and we could get nothing further out of him.

Brant and Odell were stationed outside of the house, and Traill and I began the search inside. We worked from the cellar to the attic, opening every closet and looking up the chimneys. At every step we were hindered in our search by the Waring house-negroes. They seemed half-frightened out of their senses; they stumbled aimlessly up and down the stairways, huddled in corners, and blocked the passageways. At that time we laid their peculiar actions wholly to abject terror, and Traill finally ordered them all into the big plantation dining-room, to remain until morning. Old Colonel Waring was not then at

home, although he came in later in the night. The white women of the family assembled in the parlor, and watched the search with apparent calmness, although their faces were pale.

In the room occupied by Colonel Waring's daughter we discovered some important rebel mail, secreted between the mattresses of the bed, and in an adjoining room we found a handsome uniform belonging to a Confederate captain of cavalry, together with a saber and sash, two bowie-knives, and a handsome double-barreled gun with the name "Walter W. W. Bowie" engraved on the shoulder-plate. This gun played a most important part in Bowie's subsequent history.

"The white women of the family assembled in the parlor."

The presence of these personal belongings of Captain Bowie convinced us that he was secreted somewhere in the house; but search as we would, we could not find him. At last Traill called us together outside, and after a consultation we determined to keep watch until daylight, hoping that we might get Bowie when he left the house. Odell placed himself in the center of the isthmus formed by the crook in the Patuxent River, thus cutting off all egress from the house by land. Brant concealed himself immediately in front of the wide piazza, and Traill and I took our positions just behind the house, near a pathway that led down to the spring. Through a clump of leafy bushes we could command a clear view of every window and door at the back of the house without exposing ourselves. We dared give Bowie no opportunity for pistol play.

Just as morning was breaking, the back door was opened cautiously, and the red-turbaned head of an old negro auntie was thrust out. She looked this way and that, and, seeing nothing to alarm her, she stepped out on the porch and swung a small tub to her head. Following her came two other negro women carrying water-buckets. Straight down the pathway to the spring they came, swinging close together and glancing fearfully from side to side. Traill and I stepped out suddenly before them with our revolvers in our hands. At sight of us, two of the women started and cried out, but the third, with a low warning, dragged them along.

"Don' shoot, massa!" begged one of the women; "don' shoot! We's only poo' niggahs."

It happened that both of us were exceedingly thirsty. We had worked all the sultry July night with nothing to drink, and we had not dared to desert our posts long enough to go to the spring. So we parted and let the three women go by, urging them to hurry back with the water. Just as they were disappearing in the half-light of the early morning, I saw one of the women drop her bucket and run. Instantly the ruse flashed upon me, and I went hot all over—one of the women was Walt Bowie.

We turned instantly and tore through the bushes toward the river shore. At the spring

we found two of the negro women, but the third was missing. Thirty yards farther down, concealed in a clump of pines, we captured Bowie's horse, saddled and bridled, left there for just such an emergency. More hopefully we spread out through the bushes, confident now that we should corner our prey somewhere on the river bank. We were both thoroughly alert, for we knew well enough what a fighter Walt Bowie at bay would be. Odell and Brant soon joined us, and we trusted no clump of bushes nor fallen log until we were sure that Bowie was not behind it.

Presently a shout came from Odell. I was near him on his right, and I ran through the bushes to his assistance. Odell was holding up a long, loose wrapper, such as negro women wore. He had found it entangled in one of the bushes where Bowie, hampered by its clinging folds, had thrown it off. We paused only a moment, and then plunged down the bank, calling for the other men to follow. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

In the slushy sand close to the water's edge we found two fresh footprints, and the shallows of the river itself were still stringy with mud where they had been disturbed. But we peered in vain out upon the misty water for signs of a swimmer's head. Bowie was gone.

"Don' shoot! We's only poo' niggahs."

We stood there for a moment and looked at one another foolishly. We had been duped by the man whom we had come out to capture, and we were tired and hungry and thirsty.

Traill recovered first. Although he was a man of few words, he swore roundly, and declared that he was going after Bowie.

"I'll catch him yet," he said.

We argued with him that it would be useless to try to trace him now that he was alarmed, but Traill was obdurate.

"You fellows go back if you care to," he said; "I'm going after Bowie."

After I knew of the feud, I understood the almost frantic haste with which he ran up the hill, mounted his horse, and galloped away up the road. Odell, Brant, and I returned to Washington, thoroughly dejected.

Two days later Traill came in. He was gaunt and dirty and silent; we forbore asking him if he had captured Walt Bowie. Since our return the gun which we captured at the Waring place had stood in one corner of General Baker's office. Traill's eye fell on it almost as soon as he entered the room. He picked it up and turned it over in his hand.

"I'd like to have this gun," he said.

"You can't use it in the service," objected the General.

"If you'll give me this gun I'll use it," he said, significantly.

Traill might not have believed that Bowie's life was charmed, but he was a Virginian, brought up among conjuring negroes, and doubtless he knew the old superstition that only the weapon of a "charmed" person is effective against the charm. And he took Bowie's gun.

About this time I became an officer in the First District of Columbia Cavalry, then being organized by General Baker, and for several months I lost sight of Traill. On my return to Washington early in 1864, I met him at the Secret Service headquarters, and he told me the story of his subsequent search for Bowie, which was further amplified by the General.

After our failure in July, Traill kept to the scent with all the pertinacity of a bloodhound. I saw a note which Bowie had left for Traill. It was scrawled on yellow wrapping-paper, and it read something like this:

"Tell Traill that if he comes into lower Maryland again he will get shot. B."

Traill carried this slip in an inside pocket all of that summer and fall. And Bowie kept growing bolder and bolder. He would appear suddenly in central Maryland with four or five men, loot a store, gather in a string of horses, and escape across the Potomac before the Union forces knew what had happened. And that was at a time when the Federal War Department flattered itself on the perfect impregnability of its lines. Indeed, it was said that Bowie himself had begun to believe in his own immunity from bullets and arrest, and he hunted Traill with almost as much enthusiasm as Traill hunted him. They tracked each other all over Maryland, each trying to get the other at a disadvantage. The General told me that Traill grew thin and haggard under the strain and that he would hardly answer when spoken to.

One day about the middle of December, Traill came in after an unusually long absence, and held a conference with his chief. Early the following morning he rode out across the navy-yard bridge with two revolvers in his holsters and Bowie's gun thrown across the pommel of his saddle. He chose little-known roads and cow-paths, and kept

". . . 'I'll use it,' he said, significantly."

". . . flat on his face in the hog-pines . . . watching Bowie's movements."

well in toward the Potomac River. Upon nearing a little cross-roads known as Booneville, he led his horse across the fields and tied it in an old tobacco-house. Here he remained concealed until nightfall. He had made arrangements with a friend named Carton, who lived in the neighborhood, to keep a sharp watch for Bowie. Carton's enmity had been fired by the loss of numerous horses and mules, and he had lain flat on his face in the hog-pines for two days watching Bowie's movements.

When it was quite dark, Traill went down into the woods, crossed an old swale, and whistled sharply. The signal was answered, and Carton appeared a moment later. He was shivering with cold and fright. He told Traill that Bowie had passed him on his way to the Potomac not two hours before. He had two men and eight or ten horses with him.

On the supposition that Bowie intended to escape at once into Virginia, Traill, followed by Carton, ran down the road, hoping to intercept him before he crossed the river. The track was blind with pine shoots and fallen logs, and the darkness of a cloudy night was rendered even denser by the thickets which crowded up to the road on both sides. They tripped and fell a dozen times in the first mile, and then they went more cautiously for fear of alarming Bowie and his men, should they be concealed somewhere in the woods. After nearly an hour of exhausting pursuit, Traill dropped on his knees, scratched a match, and carefully examined the track. There was not a sign of horses' hoofs. Carton could not explain the mystery, but he insisted that the road did not branch anywhere in its course from the old plantation to the river. Traill crept back silently for some distance, and finally found the tracks again. They turned from the road into the woods, where the hog-pines grew so thick that it seemed impossible for a man, much less a horse, to penetrate. Here Carton hung back.

"Bowie's in there waiting for you," he said; "and you can't kill him."

"Stay where you are, then," answered Traill, "and see that he don't shoot you."

Traill turned from the road, and pushed his way cautiously through the pines. For a space he walked, stooping almost double, with Bowie's gun thrust out before him; then he dropped on his hands and knees and crawled. If Bowie was watching for him, he knew that he would be lying on the ground in some thicket or behind some log, and he wanted to be ready for him. Bowie might have taken this very means for hunting his hunter. The dense darkness of the night was in Traill's favor, although in the stillness of the woods every twig that snapped under his knees sounded like the report of a pistol.

In this way he crawled for twenty rods or more, and then of a sudden he looked up and saw through a rift in the pine thicket a glimmer of light against the black foliage of a group of larger pines beyond. Then he knew that Bowie had built a fire and camped. Still more cautiously he wriggled along the moist ground, always keeping the gun, ready cocked, before him.

Thirty paces farther on he emerged from the thicket into an open space, in the center of which he could see the faint glimmer of a camp-fire. A moment later he was startled by the restless stirring of horses. He had not counted on this interference, although he knew that Bowie depended on his horses to give notice of the approach of enemies. He lay still for a long quarter hour, until the horses were quiet again, and then he wriggled forward, feeling his way, and throwing aside every twig that might snap under his weight. And thus he came presently to a stump about twenty feet from the fire. Here he raised up just a little. He saw the dark forms of

the horses picketed in a bunch some little distance to his right. Between them and the fire lay three figures closely wrapped in blankets with their heads on their saddles. Three pairs of cavalry boots were suspended bottom down over the fire to dry. There was no means of telling which of the men was Bowie; as they lay there they looked exactly alike. So Traill decided to capture them. He would rather have taken Bowie than any man in the Confederacy. He thought he could pounce on him while he was asleep and get his revolver, although he knew that Bowie never would submit without a fight, and, knowing Bowie, he knew what such a fight would be. He cared nothing for the other men; they were mere hostlers for the captured horses, and he knew they would submit readily enough if their chief was taken.

Traill left the protection of the stump, and wriggled forward again toward the fire. His eyes never left the three blanketed figures. When he was a man's length away from their feet he raised to his hands and knees, and made ready to spring upon them. But he had not counted on the horses. At sight of him they lunged back, snorting with fright. Instantly the three men were on their feet. They stood facing the horses, and Traill was behind them. In the darkness he could not tell which was Bowie, and he would take no chances. He rose swiftly to his feet and brought the gun to his shoulder. It was already cocked.

"Walt Bowie!" he shouted.

Bowie whirled.

"Traill!" he said, and fired both revolvers.

At the same instant Traill's fingers closed on the triggers of Bowie's gun. Both barrels went off at once. Bowie's head dropped back, and he fell face downward by the fire. When Traill reached him he was dead.

The next day Traill rode into Washington with two prisoners and the personal effects of Walt Bowie. He was begrimed with dust, and his eyes were dark and hollow. He set Bowie's gun in a corner behind the General's desk.

"I'm through with that," he said, in his drawling voice.

"Where's Walt Bowie?" asked the General.

"Shot him," said Traill.

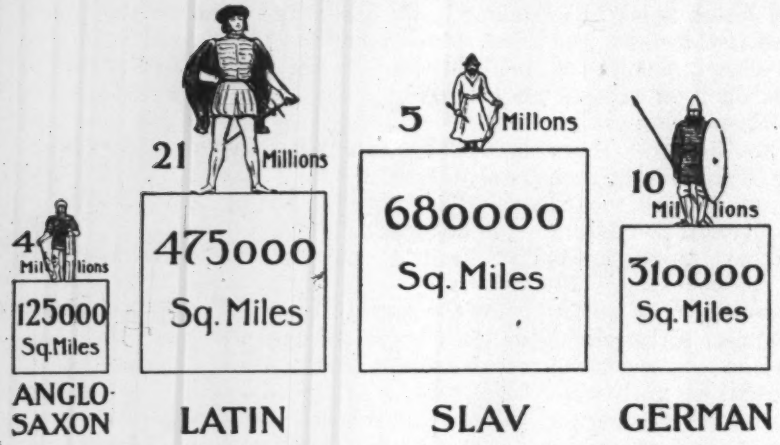
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

By George B. Waldron.

THE blessing promised to Shem seems destined to receive its fulfilment in the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon. Five hundred years ago one of the weakest of European peoples, and practically confined to two small islands, to-day the Anglo-Saxon rules nearly a third of the world's territory and an equal proportion of its people. Three other races only—the Latin, the German, and the Slavic—have any claim to comparison. These four comprise two-thirds of the population of the globe and four-fifths of its territory.

At the opening of the fifteenth century the Anglo-Saxons ruled less than 125,000 square miles of territory and about 4,000,000 people. To-day their flag floats over 15,050,000 square miles of area and 475,000,000 people, a gain of more than a hundred fold. Then the Latin races—the French, the Italians, the Spanish, and the Portuguese—embraced but 475,000 square miles and perhaps 21,000,000 population. To-day they stand next to the Anglo-Saxons, with 14,950,000 square miles of area and 255,000,000 people. Five hundred years ago Poland was the chief representative of the Slavs. Russia, overrun by the Tartars, was but a fraction of its present European extent. To-day Russia has absorbed Poland and much of Europe and Asia, and the Slavic branch is represented by 9,050,000 square miles of area and 140,000,000 subjects. This is in sharp contrast with the 680,000 square miles and 5,000,000 subjects in 1400. The Germans at that early date had some 10,000,000 people in about 310,000 square miles of area. To-day their domain has extended to 2,350,000 square miles and their numbers to 135,000,000.

With the fifteenth century there dawned a new era in the world's development. The discovery of the compass encouraged the bold sons of Portugal to make voyages of exploration down the African coast. Then followed the crowning achievements of the Columbian discovery of America, and the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, five



STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, IN THE YEAR 1400.

years later, by Vasco da Gama. It was the Latin opportunity, and during the following 200 years the race stood at the height of its colonial glory. Nearly all the Americas and East Indies were held by Spain, Portugal, and France. Outside her home islands, England had little more than her New England and Virginia colonies in America. Holland, alone of the Germanic nations, showed a genius for colonizing. Russia threw off her foreign yoke, and began to expand her empire, until, under Peter the Great, the opening of the eighteenth century found her across the Ural Mountains and well on her way toward the Pacific. In 1700, the Latins stood first in area, with 8,050,000 square miles; then followed the Slavs, with 5,960,000; the Germans, 1,100,000, and, last of all, the Anglo-Saxons, with 650,000 square miles. The Latins stood at the head also in population, with 41,000,000; then the Germans, 28,000,000; the Slavs, 14,000,000, and the Anglo-Saxons, 9,000,000 people.

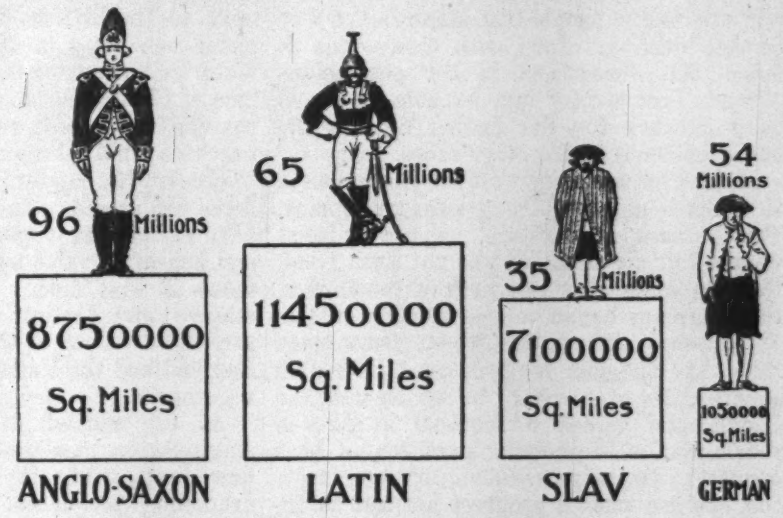
But now the Anglo-Saxon began to forge to the front. The American colonies multiplied in population and wealth, till 1776 saw the birth of a new Anglo-Saxon nation. Seventeen years earlier the British flag supplanted the French in Quebec, and eleven years later the first English settlements were made in Australia. It was not, however, till near the close of the century that the Cape of Good Hope passed from the Dutch to become a British possession, and England began to rule in India. When the present century opened, the Latins still stood first in territory, but the Anglo-Saxons had passed them in population by nearly a half. The Latin area measured 11,450,000 square miles; the Anglo-Saxon, 8,750,000; the Slavic, 7,100,000, and the German, 1,050,000 square miles. The Anglo-Saxon people numbered 96,000,000; the Latin, 65,000,000; the German, 54,000,000, and the Slav, 35,000,000. More than half the world's area and two-fifths of its population were ruled by these four races.

Nor have the developments of this century diminished the Anglo-Saxon lead. Tract after tract of Latin North America was absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon United States until this country's empire extended in unbroken expanse from sea to sea. Alaska, "Seward's folly," was joined to our realm. British vigor and capital subdued the unknown Northwest territories, conquered Australia, established new empires in Africa, and extended over the Indies and other nations. In 1850, Anglo-Saxon territory had expanded to 11,250,000 square miles, and a quarter of a century later to 12,200,000 square miles. The population swelled to 161,000,000 in 1850, and to 335,000,000 in 1875.

The first three quarters of this century made little change in the territory of the other three races. The Latin area fell off a million square miles, to 10,400,000, in 1850, and gained but 100,000 in the next quarter century. The Slavs and the Germans, at the middle of the century, held no more than at the beginning. By 1875, the Slavs had increased their area to 7,900,000 square miles, and the Germans to 1,150,000. In population they steadily advanced. The Latins numbered 110,000,000 in 1850, and 155,000,000 in 1875. The Germans increased to 73,000,000, and then to 95,000,000. The Slavs nearly doubled in the first fifty years, numbering 66,000,000, and were 85,000,000 twenty-five years later.

To-day the Anglo-Saxon continues in the lead, with 475,000,000 people, or nearly one-third of the entire population of the world. The three other races together have but 55,000,000 more. The four comprise more than two-thirds of the entire population of the world, and, at the present rate of progress, in another quarter century will control practically the world. Asia and Africa are rapidly

crumbling before the vigor of the Occident. Which race will ultimately take the lead in this world empire? If history and present tendencies count for anything, we must answer, the Anglo-Saxon. Surpassing the other races in territory for the past fifty years, and in population for more than a century, there is every reason to believe that this dominance will be perpetuated.

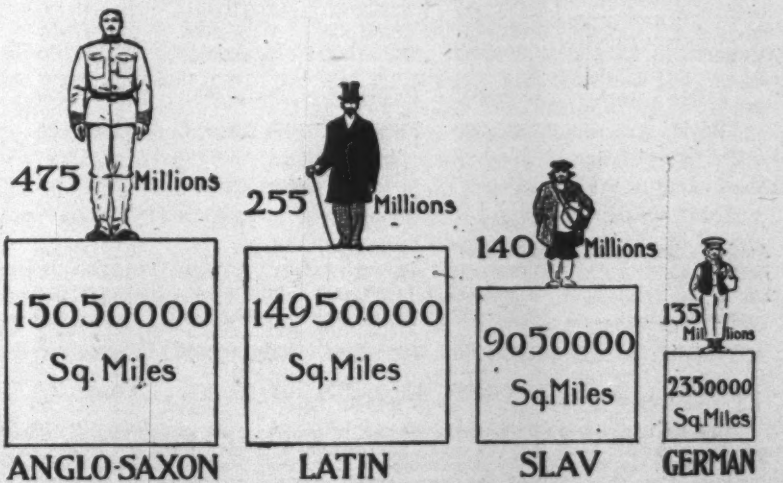


STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, IN THE YEAR 1800.

Apparently, the nearest rivals are the Latins, with a territory nearly equal in extent and peopled by nearly as many as the Slavs and Germans combined. But this rivalry is only apparent. More than half the Latin territory lies in this hemisphere. It is scarcely a question of centuries when the Anglo-Saxon's genius will permeate the entire area. With a canal across the Isthmus, the United States must, in self-defense, repeat the British history of Egypt and the Suez. Interchange of colonists and goods with South America and Mexico will not necessarily unite all into one nation with us, but it will stamp upon these people of the South the common Anglo-Saxon spirit and institutions. It may be in fifty years or it may be in five hundred, but some time every foot of ground from the Strait of Magellan to the Arctic, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be Anglo-Saxon.

Of the Latin races, Italy, which once held the capital of the world, long ago dropped from the rank of dominant nations. Portugal still holds a colonial empire, but so feebly that only the jealousy of rival nations prevents her despoilment. And Spain, poor Spain! Once supreme in the New World, to-day she holds not a foot of ground in this hemisphere, while her East India gems—the Philippines—are passing to Anglo-Saxon dominance.

The deadness of Spain may find a counterpart in France, now the most vigorous of Latin peoples. Like Spain, she has known how to acquire vast colonial domain and has shown scarcely more skill in holding it. As Quebec fell before the British, so may her African empire vanish before the same power. England will not rest until her flag floats over a continuous country from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. Where she has the will she has also the power,



STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

and woe to the people that stand in the way of her destiny. Torn with dissensions at home and threatened in her possessions abroad, France may not be able to stand as a bulwark for the Latins against the encroachments of the other races.

But let no one think that the Anglo-Saxon is to have an easy struggle for supremacy. The Germans, next of kin, propose to insist upon a fair division. It was not until 1884, thirteen years after the birth of the empire, that Germany began to seek domain outside of Europe. But in the fifteen years since that time she has acquired over 1,000,000 square miles of territory in Africa and the Pacific, and gained a foothold in Asia in readiness for the coming partition of that country. In the peaceful victories of trade, too, she has made a progress not less astonishing. With characteristic thoroughness and patience, her people have solved questions of production and trade until England, once supreme in the world's commerce, finds herself undersold by the Germans in the foreign markets and is brought face to face at home with the danger of economic death.

More dangerous yet to the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon is the rivalry of the empire of the Russias. For two hundred years Russia has possessed three-fifths of Europe and more than half of Asia. To-day she measures a sixth of the world's area, and, next to the British Empire, is the largest under one ruler in the world. Diplomatic victories have given her control of one province of China, and have put her in a position to reap the richest rewards when the final partition shall take place.

But on the Eastern battle-ground a new force has arisen. American ships and guns have seized the capital of the Philippines, and henceforth this nation is to have a large voice in that field. The logic of circumstances and destiny demand that the two greatest divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race—England and the United States—shall stand together in this struggle for supremacy.

At the end of five hundred years, the Anglo-Saxon, once weakest of the four races, now leads, while its nearest rival is fast crumbling to pieces. What another five hundred years will bring, or even the fruits of another century, the boldest prophet shrinks from forecasting. Yet, if present tendencies count for anything, before the twentieth century ends, all of the two Americas and Australasia, all of southern Asia, and nearly all of Africa will be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon. And that race will swell in numbers till, in another hundred years, it will embrace a population larger than the present population of the entire world. These four—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, German, Slav—to-day dominate the earth; but the greatest of these is Anglo-Saxon.

THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES.

AREA IN SQUARE MILES.

	1400*	1700	1800	1850	1875	1898
Anglo-Saxon	125,000	650,000	8,750,000	11,250,000	12,200,000	15,050,000
Latin	475,000	8,050,000	11,450,000	10,400,000	10,500,000	14,950,000
Slav	680,000	5,960,000	7,100,000	7,150,000	7,900,000	9,050,000
German	310,000	1,100,000	1,050,000	1,050,000	1,150,000	2,350,000
Total	1,590,000	15,760,000	28,350,000	29,850,000	31,750,000	41,400,000
World	3,555,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000

POPULATION.

	1400*	1700	1800	1850	1875	1898
Anglo-Saxon	4,000,000	9,000,000	96,000,000	161,000,000	335,000,000	475,000,000
Latin	21,000,000	41,000,000	65,000,000	110,000,000	155,000,000	255,000,000
Slav	5,000,000	14,000,000	35,000,000	66,000,000	85,000,000	140,000,000
German	10,000,000	28,000,000	54,000,000	73,000,000	95,000,000	135,000,000
Total	40,000,000	92,000,000	250,000,000	410,000,000	670,000,000	1,005,000,000
World	50,000,000	400,000,000	640,000,000	1,000,000,000	1,400,000,000	1,500,000,000

* Europe only. It should be explained that, in classifying any given country, the method has been to credit the whole area and population to the race that clearly predominates in its government and society, as if the whole population and occupancy were of that one race. By so proceeding in all instances, and for one as for another of the four races compared, a perfectly just basis of comparison has been secured. But in many instances, as in that of India, the actual population of the country is not preponderatingly of the race that rules it and to which it is therefore credited. Of a total population in India, estimated at about 330,000,000 for 1898, only a few hundred thousand at most are strictly British, or Anglo-Saxon. The like holds true as to much of Africa, Oceanica, and Asia, so far as they are credited to any of the four races.

FORERUNNERS OF EMPIRE.

By Mortimer O. Wilcox.

VERY nearly upon the Tropic of Cancer, but a long way beyond the Sandwich group, there is an island almost unknown to the dwellers in Polynesia. A small boat with two men in it lay off this shore one day, and tossed on the long rollers of the Western Pacific.

One of the men in the boat stared across the water with weary, observant eyes. It was three years since Allison had last seen the island, and the years had changed the man, but they had not changed the broad stretch of beach or the grassy hills beyond it. If the planet had been flat, one might have looked from this higher ground 8,000 miles to South America and passed one's eyes over nothing but the sea waves.

The other man on board wore a red shirt; and he almost covered the chicken-coop of a cabin by reclining on it while he smoked. "What part of the map is it, Jim?" he inquired.

"This is the place we're after," Allison replied. "We've fetched it right enough. I used to call it Island of Faraway. Looks lonelier than ever; but there is a village over beyond them palms."

They took the boat in carefully over the bar, and made her fast; but there were no signs of life, except for a few scared sea-fowl, which flew up screaming as the men waded ashore. The odorous trade-winds were roaring in the tree-tops overhead; the never-pausing thunder of the surf lulled the listener's senses, and these sounds and the deep solitude brought back the past to Allison. He walked up to the higher ground, and turned to look at the breakers, which rolled in with the weight of the Pacific behind them.

"Seems most like old times," he said to the other man, Holmes. "Many's the hour I've laid right here and watched that everlasting old water-line, wondering whether there might be a ship behind it. Wooh! lonely! I'd go almost wild sometimes." He gazed down upon the bay and the little boat at her moorings. A bit of dingy bunting fluttered from the bow; and although it was dingy, and to the view insignificant, it had now a kind of haughty meaning, as if to proclaim that an American craft lay there and that a new flag was upon the waters of the world.

The weary eyes of Allison brightened; his careless figure seemed to swell. He put a hand on Holmes's shoulder, and pointed one way and the other.

"Look at there, Henry," he said, with a kind of shamed enthusiasm. "Over that

way, to our backs, is San Francisco and the States. And down there is the Philippines, where Dewey is. But here on this side we're the farthest out of any Americans. I tell you it makes a fellow feel responsible!"

"Where's your village?" asked Holmes at length.

"Come on; over this way," and the two trudged heavily inland through the big brilliant ferns. There had been a path through these as Allison remembered, and it had disappeared; but the significance of this fact did not occur to him until they came out before a huddle of mouldering huts, with rank grass growing everywhere. Holmes gave a dry whistle.

"*This* your village?"

"Seems to be," replied Allison, ruefully. He looked around him with a feeling of depression at that abandoned place. "Wonder what's become of 'em?" he said, in a whisper, as though he feared to walk among their ghosts. "They were real decent people for niggers, and just like children too—so innocent."

"Somebody is comin' out of that farthest shanty," Holmes observed.

"Well, now, if that ain't old Ben Harrison!" the other said. "Hello, Benjamin!" he added, "where are all the rest of you? Dead?"

The brown, ancient face expressed neither surprise nor emotion. "Some of them are. Rest down yonder—way around. New village there. Lots of new things now."

"I declare, I should think so," Allison remarked.

"Can we make the other village tonight?" Holmes asked.

"No, let's stay here. Old Ben Harrison will find us something to eat, and we can go down to the other place in the morning. I ain't got no relish for it now. Seems better to leave these people alone, anyway. What good does it do them for us to come around and try to civilize 'em?"

"Oh, brace up!" said the other, with awkward sympathy.

All that night, while they lay in the hut of old Ben Harrison, the rumble of the ocean was present to their ears, and the trade-winds roared above them in the tree-tops. Allison did not sleep very soundly; and when he slept, he dreamed of a fluttering bit of flag.

For indeed he was a dreamer; a man without much culture, but a touch of real imagination. It was possibly this which had brought him back to the Pacific after three years in a Sacramento grocery store, this and the old mysterious craving which keeps men pushing westward. And on these far-off waters he had vaguely felt a touch of the strange new spirit which was moving over the world. The burning desire of the American was upon him to take a hand in great events and to be a part of them; but these past few hours had made him doubtful. In the morning he and Holmes took their boat around the coast to where the newer village lay.

It lay along the echoing beach, and one astonished glance told the new-comers that Civilization had arrived. Gin-bottle corks and strips of paper littered the firm white sand, and an old straw hat decorated the pole in front of one house. Before the largest house of all, with natives loitering around, sat three men in the garb of the Caucasian.

"Ben Harrison didn't tell us about this," said Allison, and Holmes's face grew somewhat wolfish. They went up grudgingly to the three, in the guarded fashion of men who meet each other in earth's lonely places.

"Good morning, gentlemen," spoke a German voice in excellent, precise English. He was a spruce young fellow, with the upturned mustaches of the Second Wilhelm, and his shoulders were squared as though they still wore a uniform of the Prussian marine. "You have, I perceive, found us out in our island."

"I guess, mebbe," said Allison, slowly, "that one of us has been here before you have."

"Truly. These natives have, in fact, endeavored to tell us of a white man once dwelling in this place, who traded a little and seems to have won their hearts."

Allison stared moodily at the speaker, who watched him through half-shut eyes and laughed.

"Permit me. My name is Von Rosen, and this is my comrade, Herr Eckhardt. And this"—he turned to a surly old pickled mariner with British salt written all over him—"this is Mr. Tibbits, the representative of her Majesty Victoria. Mr. Tibbits, here are some blood relations of yours, it would appear."

Mr. Tibbits sarcastically inspected the new arrivals. "Americans, eh?" he growled.

Holmes nodded briefly. "Just so," he said, and spat upon the sand.

"Long way from home, ain't ye?" inquired the Briton. "Howsoever, I ain't your guardian."

"Too bad about that," responded Holmes.

"So hard to do without you. But we'll try to worry along."

"Which, I think, perhaps ye will have to!" came back the ancient mariner, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Good! Bravo!" cried Von Rosen, with a roar of laughter, and he winked at his companion. Then, with effusive politeness: "You must pardon our friends, Mr. Tibbits, their very proper pride in recent acquirements. For have they not a brand new navy?"

"And an army," said Eckhardt, "all in nice new uniforms?"

Allison began to speak: "That navy of ourn," said he, "is, by last accounts, still a-floating. You have heard, mebbe, about a little happening out in the Philippines?"

"No," said Von Rosen. "Did the most highly renowned Dewey really arrive, then? Did he seek for worlds to conquer? For you must know that we were set down here some three weeks past and receive not the newspapers."

"You listen," Allison replied; and squatting down in the shade he supplied them with some information. They had heard nothing of it; news travels but slowly in these side places of the Pacific. With a halting eloquence he told of the sea fight of Manila and the Death of the Ships.

Von Rosen at the end sat and eyed the other with an eye which calculated chances. "Very fine," said he, "exceedingly fine. And now, my good friend, for you have not yet explained it to us, what brings you to this little-known island?"

The American flushed under his tan. "Mebbe it's because I have been here before," said he.

"Exactly. But also—we are here now. You perceive that fact in all its force and clearness." He took an inventory with his eyes of all the other men.

"Put 'em all under, did he?" grumbled old Tibbits past his pipe. "That's not so bad now. I mean," he hastily corrected himself, "for Americans."

"Oh, I suppose Englishmen would have done better," said Holmes, "as you did in the War of 1812? Or the Revolution? Oh, yes."

"Side wars," remarked the venerable Tibbits; "little two-penny side wars. Ye blooming infants was never yet in a real foreign conflict."

"Real pity you fellows can't come over and learn us," said Holmes.

"Some day, little man, some day, when you have a few more ships," was Tibbits's repartee.

"Ha, ha, most excellent!" exclaimed Von Rosen, and his face expressed appreciation and much joy. With a rare diplomacy he urged them on to new passages of sarcasm, making fierce enemies of them; and his was the fine complacency of one who can hoodwink men. Remarkable Von Rosen—but if only he had comprehended the true inwardness of Anglo-Saxon chaff.

Toward evening he seemed to think that the time was ripe for a decisive word.

"Being now here in possession," he said, standing up very erect and twirling those fierce mustaches of his, "and the natural representatives of his sacred Majesty, we cannot, as you will understand, consent to relinquish any of our rights. Here, as in China, we stand by the doctrine of the mailed fist. And as a formality thereto, that there may be no unfortunate misunderstandings, I propose at sunset to hoist on this spot the German flag."

"Humph!" said Holmes and Allison together, and they went off by themselves to a point of rock to discuss the matter; for being both of New England stock, the town-meeting instinct was still strong in them.

"Wahl?" said Holmes, and looked at Allison.

"Well," Allison replied, "what'll we do now?"

"Just so soon," said Holmes, "as I get matters straight in my own mind I'm goin' right ahead. I want to do the fair thing," he added (the Puritan coming uppermost), "and I've sometimes thought it ain't quite right to mop up any land without a word to the inhabitants. I ain't forgot my United States history or Helen Hunt Jackson's book about the Injuns. But I will be blowed if I like to back down to these here Dutchmen."

"It's just like this," Allison said, eagerly. "Somebody is a-going to get this island: you can't get around the fact. The only question is, Who?"

"Quite right," a voice remarked; "who?"

Old Tibbits was smoking his pipe at the other side of the rock. They went around to him, and found him sitting on the sand, gazing thoughtfully out to sea.

"Down yonder," said he, with a flourish of the pipe, "is the Philippines, and also Australie. And further up, as everybody knows, lies bloomin' old China. But over there," and starting up, he pointed northward, "over there is Russia! Just beyond them rocks, and with nothin' but a little

water between, the Bear is a-reachin', reachin' out of his paws, and always gettin' ready. This turn of yours with the Spanish is all very good for amusement; but just ye wait a little if ye wants to see true jollity." He smacked his lips, and leaned forward, peering as though he saw already the giant threatening shadow. He was talking in large terms, much as Allison had done; this little island, so lonely in the sea, seemed favorable to expansive ideas. Presently Tibbits, coming out of his dream, looked around.

"No hard feelin's," said he.

"No, of course not," Allison replied.

"They don't understand it," remarked the old tar, "and they can't. Well, I've said enough things in my time about ye Yanks—learned that name from a little Charleston man as was on the 'Alabama.' But the plain fact of it is," he burst forth, "and I tell it in confidence, I can't stand these blarsted foreigners. Russians, Prussians, Frenchmen, and other Dagoes—they're all alike. What business have they got here, anyway? We showed the way into these waters; we showed 'em how to do it. And now they come, and want to grab land and inflict their bloomin' milingtary despotism on the bloomin' niggers. They know how to run things! They fight a ship! Wy, I tell ye what," he cried, with a final wave of the pipe, "we may have our family jars now and again, but we ain't foreigners, I hope."

Columbia and the Mother Country solemnly shook hands all round. Somewhat later the three strolled down to the beach, where the Germans were waiting.

"Well?" asked Von Rosen.

"Wahl," replied Holmes, "Mr. Tibbits, late of her Majesty's navy, not being an interested party, is kindly a-goin' to be our diplomatic ambassador."

The ambassador rolled heavily twice and thrice on his wide-bowed legs.

"We-ll," said he, "it's this way. My friends here, they thinks they were first on this bloomin' island, and if anybody has a right to it, it's them. They don't exactly claim as they own it, but they do claim as nobody else does."

"Ah!" said Von Rosen. He drew himself again to military erectness, and with a contemptuous smile stared over the heads of the three slouching figures. Possibly their awkwardness and hesitation had deceived him. "Most unfortunately," said he, "a former officer of his sacred Majesty cannot permit himself to be guided by the wishes of two Yankee beach-combers. At sunset, therefore, I shall at this point run up the German flag."

Holmes turned, and spoke to his companion in a melancholy voice and with only a furtive gleam of enjoyment in his eye. "I guess, mebbe," said he, "that there ain't no need for further talkin'."

The other American without a word walked to the water's edge. He waded out to his boat, swung himself aboard, and pulled down the American flag at the bow. Then he waded ashore with it, and came back up the beach, dripping and short of breath, with the eyes of all upon him. The natives stood around in a big circle, watching without comprehension. The blue ocean before and the low hills behind, with the placid Pacific sunshine streaming down, made the setting of a picture in which Allison was the only thing that moved. He marched up in front of the hut, and drove the flag-staff down into the sand; then falling back a step, removed his hat, and gazed upon his handiwork.

"There!" he said.

And Holmes, with the queer, sure instinct of the race, seized the psychological moment and edged forward.

"That," he remarked, "is about all there is to it. We was here first, we are a kind of sacred majesties ourselves, and our motto is, 'Hands off!' If these niggers have got to have the blessin's of civilization, they might as well learn to vote and beg for gin in English. And I guess they'll have to."

"Them doctrines," said old Tibbits, "awakens here a cordial response. Wherefore and whereas, as I was about to say when intercepted, they won't annex the bloomin' island, but they're goin' to be the suzy—the suzyraine power. And"—with a hand upon his belt—"I backs 'em."

"And now then," said Holmes, looking Von Rosen in the eye, "about that mailed fist?"

The German shrugged his shoulders. "To fight for it?" said he. "This wilderness? Bah!"

While to Eckhardt he said later, with airy indifference: "So, my comrade, we tried what these Yankees themselves term a bluff, and they were too stupid to see it. The greedy pigs! But they have not the first idea of why they want this island."

Even old Tibbits, returned again to sarcasm, was grumbling: "Eh, and what will ye do with it now? Make a coalin' station, I suppose, for your man-of-war down yonder."

But none the less that bit of American bunting waved over the beach of Faraway Island.